

# CORONET

MAY

25c



Here's your answer to the question:

**GROW YOUR OWN CHICKENS**

See how you can grow your own chickens on page 12



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## Cover Girl

Vera Gilmer and her kitten are all decked out for spring and the very look of them suggests that it's in full bloom. Born in Hollywood, Miss Gilmer went east for success to beglamorize New York's Rainbow Room and the airways with her singing. Not even continuous screen contract offers can change her aversion to an acting career or her belief in eastern living. James Viles photographed her in this gay May mood to gladden Coronet's season.

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*America is going back to church, reading the Bible and flooding the air with religious programs in a great resurgence of belief in the Christian faith*

## **America Goes Back to Church**

by WILLIAM F. McDERMOTT

**I**F YOU'RE INCLINED to wager that America's largest radio audiences tune in on Charlie McCarthy or Bob Hope, ignore your hunch and save your money.

For while these comedians are indeed aces of the air, a couple of preachers operating on shoestring budgets are giving them a run for their money. These men of faith number the stations over which they broadcast by the hundreds—their followers, by the tens of millions.

They are Walter A. Maier of St. Louis, Missouri, a professor at the Concordia Seminary of the Missouri Lutheran Synod and editor of the *Walther League Messenger*, and Charles E. Fuller of Los Angeles, California, an evangelist. Their broadcasts which find outlet over some 400 stations are supported entirely by listener contributions.

Maier preaches on the National

Lutheran Hour which can be heard every Sunday afternoon over 434 radio stations. Just last spring 41 new foreign outlets were added, including 16 in Argentine, seven in Chile, nine in Cuba, and nine in Peru. Even the Africans now hear his transcribed messages by shortwave.

This fiery preacher, taking the Scriptures literally, pours forth a torrent of condemnation upon Hollywood morals, quick-and-easy divorces, profanity and other violations of a strict moral code. He needs some 20 helpers to handle the 7 to 15 thousand letters which deluge him weekly.

Fuller is the founding father of the "Old Time Revival Hour" which has so many outlets there probably isn't a radio set anywhere in the United States which can't pick up his hymn-singing and sermons on Sunday nights. He claims thousands upon thousands of converts among convicts

in prisons, backsliders in rich and poor homes alike, persons in clubs, hotel rooms, hospitals, in autos and airplanes—in short, wherever a radio can be installed. When Fuller travels the circuit, auditoriums and convention halls can't hold the throngs which turn out to hear him.

These are only two among many proponents of radio religion. Three-fourths of America's radio stations broadcast daily devotions, and each week receive mailbags full to overflowing with letters of appreciation and cash donations from grateful listeners. Several programs of this type in Chicago incur expenses upward from 40 thousand dollars yearly. Yet they also are self-supporting. Most listeners contribute only a dollar or two, so the tremendous followings they have is self-evident.

Though the popularity of these spiritual hours has been on the upgrade for some time, it took a spectacular jump after the outbreak of war. This fact, among others, augurs that a reawakened America is once more on the trail even though it may not be one of the Billy Sunday sawdust variety.

In Kansas City, Missouri, Dr. Walter Wilson, a physician, became so popular as a radio religionist he was forced to give up his practice because of demands made on his time for off-the-air addresses. At one Easter sunrise service I heard him deliver a stirring sermon to more than 40 thousand persons.

Another favorite of millions of radio listeners is "Wings Over Jordan," a

half-hour Sunday morning program of Negro spirituals directed by a Negro Baptist minister, the Rev. Glen T. Settle, who was born in a log cabin and once worked as a sharecropper on a tobacco plantation. Every week he preaches and his choir sings to five million persons tuning in on 107 stations of the Columbia chain. The British Broadcasting Corporation thinks so highly of "Wings Over Jordan" it broadcasts the program via short wave throughout the empire.

In the realm of wartime religious experience, however, that of Captain Eddie Rickenbacker and his gallant crew, faced with imminent death on the lonely reaches of the Pacific, to date has stirred America most deeply. Twice daily the little band held prayer meetings and desperately prayed for food. Their petitions were answered miraculously, they relate, when the now-famous seagull perched on Rickenbacker's shoulder.

The little Testament carried by John Bartek on that expedition of peril has become one of the most talked-of Bibles in the world today.

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*William F. McDermott is on sure ground when he writes on religious matters. In the past 28 years, as an ordained Presbyterian minister, he has served as pastor to churches in Chicago's Stockyard and Italian districts; as religious director of Chicago's Bohemian Settlement House, now known as Howell Neighborhood House; as publicity director for the World Service Commission, a Methodist organization devoted to home and foreign missions; and for the past 15 years as editor of one of the best religious pages in the country—that of the Chicago Daily News.*

After the war, Bartek intends to enter the ministry and thus testify to the efficacy of religious experience.

Again, the now-historic remark made by a sergeant to his colonel that "there are no atheists in the fox-holes of Bataan," is credited with turning the thinking of multitudes more to ultimate values.

IN SHORT, the war seems to be transforming a generation of indifferents and skeptics into believers. Until the war the church had been by-passed by millions of civilians and military men alike, who hitherto had been unaware of any acute need for spiritual guideposts in their lives. Hitler brought this unreal dream world crashing about their heads.

Today the demand for Testaments for soldiers, sailors and marines can hardly be met. The biggest single book order in history only recently was placed by the government with the American Bible Society and the Gideons Society, the agency which has installed more than a million Bibles in hotel rooms all over the world, when it called for some three million Testaments for its warriors. The word "order" is perhaps stretched for these organizations must purchase the books with their own funds. Nonetheless, they have encountered little financial difficulty in keeping the supply up to the demand.

The American Bible Society reports that all previous records for the sale and distribution of the Scriptures have been broken. Previously the peak demand for Bibles or Bible ex-

tracts ran about 10 million per year. Now publishing houses are running six weeks behind with their orders, and by the end of the year may double old records. It is significant that fancy, decorative volumes aren't much in demand. People want good bindings and large print—indications that the Bibles are to be read, not displayed.

With war, came a return also to the time-honored, typically American pioneer custom of family prayers. This has been noted by thousands of pastors and substantiated by the increased circulations of devotional publications which contain daily guides to meditations and prayers. The *Upper Room*, a guide published in Nashville, Tennessee, by the Methodist Church, reports a gain of 300 thousand copies over last year and current sales of 1,800,000 copies per issue.

Likewise rising church attendances and contributions are statistical indices that America's spiritual life is undergoing a renaissance. Dr. Harry S. Myers, an authority on matters of church finance and secretary of the United Stewardship Council, recently calculated that 23,120,000 church members of 16 denominations last year contributed \$350,807,000 to religion's cause, or 50 million dollars more than they did in 1940. The average contribution was \$15.17 per year per person, a sizeable fee when you remember that memberships include children, the aged and many non-wage earners.

Another straw in the wind indicating an increased tempo of interest in church life is the attention that na-

tional leaders are publicly devoting to the subject. Authorities on China say that one of the most widespread religious movements in history is in the making among the 400 million customers of that land. Credit goes not only to a century's worth of work by missionaries, but to the living examples of Generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai-shek, both of them professed Christians.

IN AMERICA, a leader rapidly forging to the front in political as well as church circles is Governor Harold E. Stassen of Minnesota. Active since youth in a little Baptist Church in South Saint Paul (he met and married his wife there), he served until last year as vice-president of the Northern Baptist Convention, numbering four million members, and last spring was elected to the presidency of the International Council of Religious Education which includes 42 denominations with a combined membership of 30 million in the United States and Canada. Just recently the Church of England in Canada, with an additional 300 thousand members, joined the Council.

Other leaders who have done yeoman service for the cause of Christianity in a troubled world are Vice-President Henry A. Wallace and former Ambassador Joseph C. Grew. Wallace has always been an active Methodist. *The Century of the Common Man*, the greatest of his addresses, is grounded in his Christian belief.

In a recent speech Grew said: "We must have faith in Almighty God as

the ultimate ruling force of our lives and our destinies. We must regain our faith in God and we must give Him more than lip service, not merely during the war but thereafter, if we are to win an enduring peace."

Perhaps the most promising and significant trend in this 20th century religious upsurge is the movement toward unity of all faiths. A World Council of Churches is in the making right here and now in the United States. Denominations gradually and perceptibly are drawing closer together and eight of the largest interdenominational agencies dealing with education, missions and church extension are now merging with similar Canadian groups in forming the North American Council of Churches. It will be a billion dollar enterprise—not in cash, of course, in that it represents churches with that much invested in properties and programs.

The real unity is not so much organic as a matter of good will. Thousands of chaplains of all shades of religious faith find little time for religious divisiveness when they serve in trenches or training camps. Catholics and Protestants minister to all who need help, the well along with the disabled. A man who wants solace as he lies wounded or dying usually asks only for a man of God, not for one of any particular brand. These chaplains, who in the fire of human suffering have learned to minimize their differences and exalt their common beliefs will after the war, I daresay, further the amity of faiths.

In this drive for unity among people

of different beliefs is one which is gathering express-train momentum. It is the National Conference of Christians and Jews, founded in 1928 by such leaders as the late Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War during the first World War, and Charles Evans Hughes, former Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court. Its purpose—to promote good will and understanding among those three major American faiths.

Many thousands of mass meetings are held yearly at which priests, rabbis and ministers appear on the same platforms to plead the cause of friendship of faiths. The response, especially on the part of high school and college young people, has been of crusade proportions. It is also becoming a common practice for rabbis and ministers to exchange pulpits, thus also breaking down barriers of misunderstanding among the various faiths.

In this new religious resurgence you may miss some of the pyrotechnics of the old tabernacle revival days. Religion is moving into maturity and expressing itself in terms of the 20th century. The church today feels it has a bigger job on hand than pure emotional byplays.

For in the fight on war, juvenile delinquency, slums and other human-begotten evils, the church is taking a leading role in preaching about a better today as well as a hereafter. The church will be represented, I daresay, at the world peace conference and identified increasingly with movements for human welfare.

America is hitting the trail again, not in an emotional frenzy easily forgotten the "morning after," but as a movement close to the hearts and needs of the people, enlisting everybody in the task of making life more worth the living.



## Strategy

IN THE AFRICAN DESERT fighting, General Rommel whenever possible would attack from the east in the morning and from the west in the afternoon so as to have the sun in his enemy's eyes.

THE POLES, who were stationed in force in Tobruk in the fall and winter of 1941, were so sympathetic toward the Italians that they constituted a problem. The Poles hate the Germans venomously for obvious reasons, and tore them to pieces whenever they could get at them, but they would not fight the Italians if they could avoid it. This resulted in a prolonged game of chess between the British and the German Commands. Whenever the Germans identified Poles in the line, they moved out their own troops and substituted Italians. The British then countered by shifting the Poles to another German-held sector.—HAROLD DENNY in *Behind Both Lines* (VIKING)

## Ack Emma in North Africa

by KEITH AYLING



**I**F EVER THERE WAS a combined operation in every sense of the word, the occupation of Algiers was it," said British Navy Commander Anthony Kimmins who took part in it.

Certainly the success of the North African campaign was made possible to a large degree by complete co-operation between the Navy, Army and Air Forces of U.S. and those of Great Britain. For instance, General Eisenhower, the commander of the Allied forces, not only had to ensure that his men worked in complete understanding with the British, but also that his own services interlocked functionally with each other.

Actually it was after the Battle of Crete that the British General Staff set to work to study the best ways of bringing about inter-service cooperation. This was gradually achieved, through the inter-service planning syndicates (boards composed of officers from the staffs and fighting units of all services).

The planning syndicates under the direction of a department known as "Combined Operations Headquarters" were already progressing famously when American troops began to arrive in England.

Immediately after his appointment as Commander in Chief of the Allied Expeditionary Forces, General Eisenhower called on Vice Admiral Mount-

batten of commando fame, chief of Combined Operations Headquarters.

"We must have an inter-service Planning Syndicate for every service," the General told Mountbatten. "Can you get them for me?"

Mountbatten could and did, thanks to much cutting of red tape. Many senior officers of the Army and Navy had to be by-passed, for the task called for the cooperation of fresh officer material. Individuals would have to forget the traditional prejudice that any service of either nation was senior or junior to the other.

After several months of night and day work on the part of the planning syndicates, General Eisenhower was given an outline of the plans for assault from plans based on commando, naval and air experience gathered at Dieppe and Norway and elsewhere.

Naturally, with other information the document gave the American general an idea of what combined operation training centers were capable of doing, and the time required to provide the desired number of naval and military personnel, properly trained and armed.

From the day of General Eisenhower's approval of the plan, large military and naval forces, both American and British, went into training with the utmost secrecy. The British, for instance, put its men in isolated



camps under foreign conditions. Four American regimental combat teams took staff training at a secret school literally "thousands of miles from nowhere." Elsewhere selected Canadian officers, who had fought with the armoured divisions at Dieppe, trained an entire U. S. armoured division.

These Canadian instructors had taken a terrific battering on the streets of that seaside town when the German blockades had held up their light tanks. Some had been seriously wounded and were newly out of the hospital. To their American pupils they talked hard, cold realism.

Then the Navy moved in to make the Army and Air Forces amphibious. That every man would have a complete understanding, not only of his own duties, but those of the sea and air fighters. Soldiers were taken to sea in gales by night and day to harden their stomachs and to eliminate the hopeless cases. Whole platoons were kept afloat for extended periods with nothing but field rations.

The Navy also had to produce en masse from raw material to the finished article, the landing craft, crews, beach masters and other essential personnel. In addition to building the landing craft, Combined Operations Command had to provide its own ocean-going assault ships, details of which are still a secret.

All we know is that these craft are larger and faster than the vessels previously used in cross-Channel operations. They were built to special design requirements, particularly with regard to hoisting gear for landing

craft. The crews had to be trained as "blitz-stevedores."

Finally the supreme test came—operations under enemy fire. The Dieppe raid was a rehearsal for the North African campaign and a severe test for Combined Operations Command. From Dieppe the Allies learned the value of the use of the "fighter plane umbrella" and the need for low flying or dive bombing to reduce coastal defense and street blockades.

North Africa was to be a combined operation. One of its main problems was communications. How were the allied Navies, Armies and Air Forces to keep in touch with each other through the joint operation?

Everyone had to talk the same language; for it was found that when an American signal clerk received a message by wire from his British counterpart, he was puzzled by the Britisher saying "Ack Emma" for AM, and "Pip Emma" for PM. For years the British have used these terms to avoid mistakes in giving oral messages. "Ack Emma" as beloved to the British Tommy as his tea, became a casualty of the new system.

Codes and signals of both sides had to be unified and Tommy now says "Apple Mike" instead.

In order that communications could be maintained throughout the operation, special headquarter ships were to be fitted out with operation rooms, similar to those at the headquarters of the Air Forces fighter command. Into them the necessary radio telephone and other equipment was packed so that Naval, Military and

Air Force heads were in constant touch with H.Q. during operations.

Before the expedition sailed, the results of Combined Operation planning were severely tested. Elaborate rehearsals were undertaken on secret beaches. There was no "sissy" stuff. Live ammunition exploded selected areas, and there were hefty explosions to simulate gun fire. Anything that an enemy might be expected to deliver against attacking forces was used to enliven the proceedings. Overhead with split second timing roared fighter planes and bombers. As the barrage lifted, the queer looking assault craft slithered to their appointed spots on "enemy" beaches. The specially trained beachmasters landed and stood at their landing points, checking each man ashore and directing him to his assembly point. Then specially greased winches unloaded tanks and cannon. Each section went ashore on stop watch timing.

Taking part in the operation was a special service brigade of U.S. Rangers and British Commandos.

Later, during the actual invasion of North Africa, the same Commandos and their Ranger buddies were detailed to lead what the British termed "the most precarious assault in Algiers." They went to their job like veterans and worked with the

precision of guards on parade, Yanks and Limeys fighting as one man.

Higher up, the same get-together spirit was working.

In the convoy flagship, flying the flag of Admiral Sir Harold Burroughs of the British Navy that sailed through the Straits of Gibraltar, were most of the senior officers of the respective services and their staffs including General Ryder, American supreme commander of the Eastern Task Force. Admiral Burroughs announced the zero hour, and said he would signal on the fog horn so that all ships could stop their engines together. As the fog horn blew, General Ryder looked at his watch. "We're three minutes early," he said:

An error of three minutes in six months of planning was not serious. How perfect was the organization is shown by Commander Kimmins' reporting that by the time he went ashore, temporary roadways had been laid to prevent heavy vehicles bogging down, and all traffic was controlled on the main roads.

"Combined Operations Command," it was officially concluded, "has proved a forcing ground for the most up-to-date methods of amphibious warfare. Its success in North Africa proves that Dieppe was not fought in vain."

### ***Oddities of War***

¶ A cavalry unit once surrounded and captured the Netherlands fleet. In the winter of 1795 a severe cold spell locked the Dutch ships in a thick stock of ice over which French horsemen galloped to secure the surrender of the humiliated admiral in command.



## The Best I Know



**A**DOLPHE MENJOU ordered a pair of striped trousers from his tailor. Six months passed before the trousers were ready. Menjou said icily: "God created the world in six days—but you—it takes six months to make one pair of pants."

"Well, Mr. Menjou," said the tailor calmly, "look at the world—and look at these pants!"

—LOUIS SOBOL

**A** SCOTCHMAN went on the wagon and the news spread rapidly.

Said a friend to him, slyly: "D'ye mean tae tell me, Jock, that ye're no goin' tae have another drink ever?"

"Ay, that's so."

"D'ye mean tae say that if ye were standing in a lake filled with whisky richt up tae yer knees ye wouldn't be caught bending?"

"Nae."

"Well if it was richt up tae yer chin—and it's real Scotch whisky I'm talking about—would ye no sip it?"

Jock wavered, then: "Well I'm no saying I would, mind ye, but I might make a wee ripple wi' me hand."

—MRS. R. NORTHMORE  
St. Vital, Winnipeg, Canada

**T**WO FISHERMEN went fishing one day and were comparing their results. One announced that he had caught a 300-pound salmon. The second one said, "But salmon never

weigh as much as 300 pounds." The first fisherman said, "I'm sorry—I caught a salmon that weighs 300 pounds. What did *you* catch?" To which his friend replied, "All I caught today was a rusty old lantern, and would you believe it—on the bottom of the lantern was the inscription 'this lantern was dropped by Captain Kidd in 1756', and what's even more amazing, there was a candle inside this lantern and when I pulled the lantern out of the water the candle was still lit." The first fisherman said, "Now let's get together on our fish stories. I'll take a hundred pounds off my salmon if you will agree to put out that candle in the lantern."

—BILL STERN

*Director of Sports for N. B. C.*

**T**HE BRITISH East Indian Gurkhas scorn the orthodox rifle or bayonet for close fighting. They prefer razor-sharp curved knives, which can easily decapitate an opponent in one fell swoop.

This story concerns a Nipponese sniper who was suddenly confronted by a Gurkha scout in the depths of the Burma jungle.

The East Indian swung his knife, but the Nip ducked his head in time. "Missed," he hissed.

The brown-skinned sepoy said nothing, and his blade described another arc.

"Ha, missed again," crowed the

sniper, derision shading his voice.

"Missed, eh?" The scout sheathed his knife. "Just shake your head and see what happens."—G. M. PETERSON  
*Victoria, B. C.*

A BARKER outside a carnival was describing a featured attraction, a most unusual giraffe. A man approached and asked if there were any

discount given for children to see it.

"Why do you ask?"

"I want these 18 children to see the show," said the man.

"Are they all *your* children?"

"Sure."

"Now, you just wait a moment: I'll be right back. I'm going to bring that giraffe out to get a look at you!"

—LEON HENDERSON

### ***Rickenbacker on Sacrifice***

WE HAVE THE NEED now to conduct ourselves so that we can look those others in the face when they come home—those who live to come home.

We hear a lot about "equality of sacrifice."

The phrase is false—a hollow mockery. With what bitter laughter it must have been greeted at Guadalcanal, and New Guinea.

What sacrifice can any man or woman in America make that deserves to be mentioned beside the sacrifice of the boys in the hell-holes of the Solomons?

Who dares to talk of "sacrifice" when he reads of the bodies of our young men being crushed under the weight of German tanks into the mud of Africa?

Sacrifice—by putting a little of your swollen pay into the safest investment in the world.

Sacrifice—by not taking the family out for a ride on Sunday.

Sacrifice—by keeping your home merely ten degrees warmer than the homes of England.

This bloody war can be won only if we at home show that we deserve to have it won. Sacrifice must honestly mean an even distribution of sacrifice on the home front comparable to the moral and physical courage being shown by our men abroad. Do not let these boys come back from their graves and from the depths of the seas and blame you for having failed in your obligation.

Men and women of America, if you could only understand what our boys—your boys and mine—are doing in those hell-holes throughout the Pacific and the burning sands of Africa that your way of life may be preserved. Must we wait until hundreds of thousands of the cream of our youth—sons, brothers, husbands and fathers—have been slaughtered and wrecked, before we recognize our duty?

—CAPTAIN EDDIE RICKENBACKER

(From his address before the New York state legislature)

*Americans have been fleeced of five million dollars  
by training school racketeers since the war began.  
Make sure they don't get your hard-earned dollars*



## **Rackets Go to School**

by LAWRENCE STESSIN

**H**ILDA J.—17-year old housemaid in a small New Jersey town—scanned the Help Wanted column of her local morning paper.

With quickened interest, she read and reread this ad:

WANTED—MEN AND WOMEN FOR  
WAR JOBS. WRITTEN MONEY BACK  
GUARANTEE IF SUITABLE JOB NOT OF-  
FERED BY US WITHIN 10 DAYS AFTER  
COMPLETION OF TRAINING. PARTS IN-  
SPECTORS, RIVETERS, ASSEMBLERS,  
LATHE, DRILL PRESS, MACHINE SHOP  
AND SHEETMETAL WORKERS. NO PRE-  
VIOUS EXPERIENCE NECESSARY—HIGH  
STARTING WAGES ABC SCHOOL

Hilda pondered her modest maid's salary, weighing it against what she could earn as a war worker. And besides, she reasoned, wouldn't she be better off on an assembly line helping her country win the war? On her next free day, she signed up for the miracle course. To finance her venture, she borrowed 50 dollars for a

down payment on her tuition, and agreed, in writing, to pay another 150.

It took just two lessons to convince Hilda that she couldn't do the work. For one thing, she had never attended high school and knew nothing about mathematics. For another, her hands, so skilled at soothing a sobbing baby, weren't steady enough to handle delicate precision instruments.

So Hilda dropped out of school.

A few weeks later dunning letters began to arrive, demanding the rest of her tuition. When she ignored them, she received a court summons. Ignoring that too, she walked right into a judgment suit and thereafter 10 per cent of her weekly wages was deducted until she had paid the entire 200 dollar tuition fee.

Nor was this any isolated case of juvenile gullibility. Our war program, which next year will offer jobs to more than three million workers, has

become a marvelous operating base for artists of the gyp school. Since the outbreak of war, they've mulcted an estimated five million dollars from such hopefuls as Hilda.

Although the established trade schools generally are doing a grand job of training men and women for important war jobs, a great many of the 300 trade schools (or reasonable facsimiles thereof) which have opened within the past two years, have less to offer you in the way of adequate mechanical training than your own cellar workshop.

That many of these operators are "phonies" is no news to Chambers of Commerce, Better Business Bureaus, the Army and aeronautical companies.

In Dallas, Texas, for example, the local Better Business Bureau has 500 letter complaints on file about a dozen schools in the community. Most complainants wail that these mushroom schools failed to prepare their students for even the simplest mechanical tests given job applicants in war factories.

Favorite "sucker bait" is the promise of employment. In the classified sections of those newspapers which require no references or checkup are found large inviting advertisements, guaranteeing graduates jobs at juicy salaries. Of course not one in 50 students succeeds in landing one of these jobs. But if anyone complains, the racketeers are quick to point out that they only agreed to "offer" a job. Didn't they fulfill their contract by telling him about the openings at the XYZ aeronautical plant? Is it their fault if he can't meet requirements?

Radio offers another chance to the racketeer to elude using the mails to defraud. Because the government closely supervises radio programs, the more notorious gyp schools steer clear of stations in the United States. But there are other ways to skin a cat.

One school netted students through appeals over a powerful Mexican station. Listen to its patriotic patter introduced by the tune *America*:

Why squads right and squads left  
at 50 dollars a month when you  
can get a good paying job as an  
aviation mechanic? All our gradu-  
ates are now employed and good  
jobs await the students now in  
training. Decide for yourself  
whether you will carry a gun, or  
be a trained mechanic!

Although they aim their propaganda at men and women of all ages, the "quickie" schools don't hesitate to loose a special barrage at men of draft age, implying that they can dodge military service by joining the school. The plain truth is, of course, that aviation and shipyard companies are *not* asking deferments for their beginners. Selective service boards have, in general, allowed a maximum of four months' respite from military training only to men who are attending well-established trade schools.

TO HEAR these super-salesmen tell it, anyone able to drive a screw or hammer a nail can learn to turn a lathe, weld metal, and operate a drill press. Truth is, the man or woman with no mechanical turn of mind, no matter how many hours of training he has had, will find it difficult to

get, let alone hold a job. Yet the racket and borderline schools make no endeavor to test a prospect's proficiency at mechanics. Housewives, janitors, salesgirls, doormen—all are accepted alike by these charlatan outfits.

To adequately equip a school for training in modern machine methods costs a minimum of 30 to 40 thousand dollars. Here, for example, is some of the equipment absolutely necessary to operate a trade school for sheet metal workers: sanders, drill presses, routers, band saws, bending brakes, foot shears, arbor presses, crimping rollers, drafting boards, shapers, lathes, heat-treating furnace and riveting guns.

Obviously such material is too costly for men operating "quickie" schools on a shoestring. Their average investment in equipment ranges from 500 to 1,000 dollars, most of it purchased in second-hand shops and installed after a once-over with sandpaper and paint. In place of actual machinery they provide plenty of diagrams and photographs. From these the student is expected to learn a trade calling only for the most skilled hands.

But dearth of equipment is only one in a multitude of shortcomings. There is always, even with legitimate schools, the increasing problem of obtaining such materials as bolts, screws, aluminum sheeting and rivets. The older and sounder outfits, anticipating these shortages, supplied themselves well in advance. Besides, schools of good reputation are frequently aided by aviation companies and ship-builders glad to provide them with

basic training materials in hopes of later obtaining good workmen.

Consider, for example, how a 195 dollar course in riveting can be sheer waste to a student for lack of equipment: Most planes are now riveted with aluminum bolts. But because of the shortage<sup>1</sup> and high cost of aluminum, the fly-by-night schools teach their trainees to work with brass rivets. Foremen who tested "graduates" of schools using such "ersatz," say that not a single man could operate the rivet gun when it was loaded with aluminum rivets.

Moreover, aviation today is going through a mechanical metamorphosis. The student who began a course in sheet metal work six months ago may find himself a greenhand all over again if he gets a job in a plane factory today. Legitimate schools with good connections in aviation circles are not left out on the limb. Plant managers cooperate with them and whenever a new part is introduced or technique developed, send them information about the changes. The racket schools, enjoying no such confidence, wend their antiquated ways, training students in outdated methods.

THOUGH MOST big money comes from tuition, the unscrupulous are not above indulging in minor graft once the student has embarked on a course. To get a factory job, the average worker must supply his own basic tools—a hammer, a pair of pliers, a few files and four or five other handy mechanical aids. Ordinarily, about seven dollars covers their purchase

price. But foremen are full of stories about racket school graduates who have applied for jobs weighed down with from 50 to 200 dollars' worth of superfluous equipment.

Among the lesser gyp artists are correspondence school operators who promise to teach you a trade in 10 easy lessons.

Typical of their prize packages is this series of lessons purporting to be a complete course in mechanics: 10 mimeographed pamphlets, illustrated with pretty pictures of airplane plants, including chapters on such "basic" points as "how to hold a hammer," "where the word 'chisel' comes from," "how to hold a nail before driving," and a *complete* paragraph on "how to read blueprints." Cost—260 dollars.

Fortunately, correspondence schools are a less serious threat to the would-be war worker's pocketbook because of the vigilance of the country's 615 postal inspectors and unofficial policing done by the nation's honest and competent home study operators, who annually train more than 600 thousand qualified students.

For example, in the past few months half a dozen flagrant offenders have been called to account by the Federal Trade Commission. One of them—the Joseph G. Branch Institute of Engineering and Science—was fleecing our neighbors in Central and South America by offering "academic degrees recognized by reputable, accredited colleges." The school represented itself as a university with a resident faculty and scientifically equipped laboratories. Actually, its

campus consisted of a room in its owner's Chicago home. A half dozen clerks comprised its "faculty."

But the trade school picture today is fortunately far from black. In recent months the federal government, labor unions and city and state colleges have all begun to offer myriads of legitimate courses—many of them free—for war workers of all ages. Staffed with experienced instructors who themselves are active craftsmen in industry, these classes have already drilled more than 500 thousand men and women in mechanics, and are making it hot for racketeers.

Throughout the country 1,500 full-time federal employment offices and more than 3,000 part-time services can now furnish complete information on such facilities and courses.

In addition, for your protection a few states are taking the lead in pushing through remedial legislation. New York has already enacted a statute which requires schools to return tuition for all uncompleted courses. To run a blind ad is a criminal offense punishable by fine and imprisonment. To advertise a school as "approved" or "recognized" is to flirt with immediate crack-down. The education department in Albany maintains inspectors who make periodic check-ups of trade schools. New Jersey passed a similar measure last September, and Massachusetts, likewise, is keeping its eye on trade schools. A dozen more states may follow suit this year.

But because the mills of our legislatures grind slowly, and federal regu-



lation has not yet taken shape, it is primarily up to the individual to do his own sleuthing.

Follow these 10 trade school commandments, compiled from advice given by a group of factory personnel managers who have a workaday knowledge of the situation and industries' needs.

1. *Have printed matter about the school sent you by mail.*

Possibility of mail-fraud charges doesn't haunt the reputable school.

2. *Reach your own decision with the printed facts before you.*

Don't be a salesman's pushover.

3. *Does the school say you'll get \$48.50 or \$75.00 on your first job?*

Beware. Beginner's wages aren't that high.

4. *Ask your Better Business Bureau or state education department about the school.*

This inquiry can often save you money and grief.

5. *Request the school's 1942 record of placements.*

Not available? Then you better not sign up.

6. *Check the number, education, experience of instructors.*

7. *Verify the school's operating age.*

You want to buy expert instruction, not growing pains.

8. *Does the salesman promise you your tuition back if you don't complete the course?*

If this provision isn't in the contract, you're kissing all that money goodbye.

9. *Does the school promise to keep you out of the draft?*

You're as good as in the Army.

10. *Does the school promise you a job?*  
Run fast for the nearest exit.



### Scornets

¶ "When Mr. Wilbur calls his play *Halfway to Hell*, he underestimates the distance."

—BROOKS ATKINSON

¶ "Excuse me for mentioning it, but a play called *Are You Decent?* opened last night."

—JOHN MASON BROWN

¶ "*If Booth Had Missed* missed so completely that even the ushers failed to show up on the third night."

—GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

¶ One-sentence review of *Tonight or Never*: "Very well then: I say Never."

—GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

¶ Walter Winchell, seeing Ben Bernie in *Wake Up and Live*, suggested that the title be changed to *Wake Up and Leave*.

¶ In *Stage* appeared this curt review of *Amazons in No-Man's Land*: "You can stay away any time because it is continuous."

—FROM *Insults* (GREYSTONE PRESS)

*A master sergeant writes from an advance Allied base—somewhere in New Guinea—about Jap attacks and Aussie bravery*



## ***I Fight in the Jungle***

by MASTER SERGEANT JULES F. SEGAL

THERE WAS a red alert the night we landed. Waiting for orders, we milled around—hot, tired, thirsty. Some soldiers started climbing cocoanut trees. Others threw rocks up.

Soon all were busy tearing the husks off cocoanuts in the glare of Army truck headlights. One of our men was hit on the head by a falling cocoanut and had to receive medical treatment. This was his introduction to our advanced base in New Guinea.

Australian soldiers who had already been there two weeks warned us against eating or drinking from cocoanuts lying on the ground. In the first place they might be traps—planted with Jap mines to explode when moved. And besides, the juice is apt to make you drunk. When the cocoanut falls and the shell is bruised, the hot climate hastens fermentation.

As fast as cots were set up in the field, exhausted soldiers flopped down

to sleep. Those fortunate enough to locate their barrack bags dug out blankets and mosquito nets. Then the rain came, and the mosquitoes.

Six days after we had set up our camp, we had our first raid. The noise was deafening. Planes droned, roared and whined overhead. Machine guns sputtered in the clouds—rumbling, jagged thunder. Ack-ack guns pounded. And the ground trembled. I was in a natural ditch with another soldier. We both were nervous and frightened. Each time the noise crashed closer, we crouched nearer to the earth. Neither of us dared look up.

After the raid, we gathered in groups—laughing with hysterical relief at some of the “casualties.” Our supply sergeant emerged from a creek—his brand-new uniform and clean-washed face dripping with mud. A long, dripping line of soldiers climbed out of the creek. Check-ups revealed that



three Zeros had been seen going down in smoke.

Thus our initial baptism under fire.

Rain came five or six times a day. Inexperienced soldiers looked with dismay upon their handiwork—trenches filled with rain-water. War-wise soldiers had built their dug-outs on hillsides with drainage slits. Mud was king. The swollen creek washed away the bridge. We had to ford the torrent by guide-rope in order to get to the kitchen.

Acquiring a carefree spirit in the jungle, many soldiers began to sprout beards and weird haircuts. Some imitated Lincoln while others blossomed into sideburns. One head of hair was cut short with an enormous "V" for victory swathed away.

DURING the following fortnight, we had two more Zero raids. In each raid, Zeros fell—smoke pouring from their tails. Australian pilots flying our planes were veterans from the Middle East.

The main road was a headache during the rainy spell. No number of engineers, toiling naked to the waist, could prevent Army vehicles from bogging down in mud and clogging traffic. The two-and-a-half ton jobs spent more time pulling out mired cars with winches than in transportation work. A dry and sunny week finally allowed improvements to be made on the road.

For a while the excitement at our base seemed to be limited to sweating out occasional air raids. Then suddenly barges loaded with Japanese

commandos landed about eight miles from us. No one knew how many troops there were.

That night I watched flashes of gunfire roar from the port. In the morning we learned that Jap troops had been landing under cover of shell-fire.

At dawn, our planes zoomed up from the airdrome. They rushed toward the position where Jap troops were reported. All day long I watched our planes—bombers and fighters both—fly out, back again, out again. I could hear their bombs dropping. The planes flew low. I heard their machine-guns snapping. Strafing.

The Jap planes came over again in the afternoon. I saw the Zeros high in the sky, glinting white gnats in the sun. Air duels overhead sent us to the trenches. The earth shook again with the reverberation of guns—louder, more terrible than during any raid we had yet experienced. The raid lasted 45 minutes. Our company commander walked about his tent calmly during the raid, shaving.

Later, from my mountain post, I watched our planes dropping bombs on Jap boats and saw columns of black smoke rise. Then a ball of fire blazed thru the smoke. I counted four hits—each distinct and separate.

I received orders at dawn to withdraw from my position with my men, speedily and with caution. Automatic in hand, I led the way back to camp over ridges guarded by machine-gun and rifle-pits. Meanwhile, the natives following us disappeared.

Back in camp, I learned that the

Japs had landed a large force. They were proceeding inland toward us to capture our airdrome. The Australian infantry had already gone out to cut them off. My company had orders to hold our ridge. Every man was assigned to a gun-pit. These positions were manned around the clock. To complicate matters—more rain and mud. I had not had my shoes or stockings off in four days, and my feet were two sponges. Many Australians were fighting in shoes only—in torn shirts. Others, in bare feet; sleeping two hours in five days; eating a snack of bully beef and tea once in three days.

AUSSIES from the front said the Japs were doped up or drunk on Saki wine which they carried. They climbed cocoanut trees with rubber boots which had a separate space for the big toe. They tied themselves to branches, and slept up in the trees. Jap snipers in trees would make a curious sound like "cooey!" And then when an unwary Australian would look up, the Jap would let go with his rifle or Tommy. How the Japs managed to bear the assault of red ants in the cocoanut trees, none could explain.

The Japs had landed tanks with them. Soldiers would march behind the tanks, then leap out and try to take machine-gun nests. Several Aussies related the story about the "polite" Jap who would roll his tank up to a tree and flash on his powerful headlights. After blithely saying, "Good morning!" (it would be pitch black), he would fire his machine-gun. Australians aiming at tank headlights re-

ported they could not smash them. Later investigation of captured Jap tanks proved the "glass" to be a thick gelatin compound.

Another favorite Jap trick was the use of firecrackers to draw fire. Japs would throw them from trees or concealed places, hoping to draw an answering fire revealing the Australians' positions. Jap tactics were to try to advance at night and to climb up the trees at daybreak. The value of these ruses quickly diminished as news of them spread.

The following day our bombers went out with fighter planes. It seemed that all New Guinea was quaking with the thud of bombs. Jap tanks and troops were bombed and strafed from the air.

Australians came back from the front, some of them having walked 40 miles, dead tired, hungry. They slept and ate when they could. Their courage was magnificent. Our men were struck with admiration. We handed over everything we could—and perhaps could not—spare. Cigarettes, clothing, raincoats, shoes.

The Americans in New Guinea will never forget how the Australians fought here. They will never forget the Aussie grin of courage in every mud-streaked face. This is not flat-tery. Ask any Yank who comes back.

In a few days of bitter fighting, the Aussies annihilated the Jap forces. They chased them, sought them out, encircled them, wiped them out. "Mopping up" continued for almost a week. Allied fighter and bomber planes completed the job from the air. The only drawback to the mopping-

up job was that the Aussies weren't able to find the time to bury them fast enough.

Lately, things have quieted down here again. Just one bombing raid that missed its mark. The sun has been out for almost a week. Our feet

are dry and clean. And the cooks are making biscuits. Guns are being cleaned and oiled again.

If you're willing to risk payday stakes, you can find a comfortable little open poker game by gas lantern in Tent Number Five tonight.



### *Of Time and the Tide*

THAT WARS AND DEPRESSIONS stimulate the average American's conscience is proved by the fluctuations of our Treasury's "conscience fund." Invariably it is largest in troubled times and smallest during prosperity.

To salve the pangs of their conscience, citizens have contributed 691,994 dollars to the fund since its origin in 1811. And, though senders often write letters citing their misdeeds, they rarely identify themselves. Retribution is thus made for a wide variety of offenses.

Since 1929 when the "conscience fund" reached 20,999 dollars, it has netted only a few thousand dollars annually until our entry into the war. Now, in 1942, the total was again high—29,466 dollars. The topdrawer sum ever to be collected was 54,923 dollars during the last war. The all time low was reached in 1928, when a mere 118 dollars worth of "conscience" flowed into the Treasury.

—J. GEORGE FREDERICK

THE PEOPLE of Reykjavik, Iceland, should have no fuel shortage this winter. For they use volcanic heat from subterranean fires. Natural hot springs bubble water to the surface and the farmers pipe it in to warm their homes and also for laundry purposes.

The first time anyone ever used Icelandic heat was in the 13th century. An historian of the time, Snorri Sturluson, conceived the idea of piping water from a nearby spring to warm a bathing pool which he had constructed.

In our century, farmers have used the water to maintain an even temperature in hot houses so that they may raise flowers and vegetables all year round. They also irrigate their fields with it.

Since water just a little below boiling is the most in demand, engineers have tapped as much as three-quarters of a mile below the surface with artesian wells to find it at this temperature. Mothers of soldiers in Iceland, it seems, need have no fears about their boys getting hot baths.

—MAUDE E. BIRKEY

## Forgotten Mysteries



• • • When Carolus Linnaeus, the father of modern botany, died in 1778, he left this strange record of an experience he could not explain:

On the night of July 12, 1765, his wife awakened him, saying that she could hear heavy footsteps in Linnaeus' museum. He listened and recognized them as those of his old friend, Karl Clerk. To his wife he said, "I used to recognize Clerk in Stockholm merely by the sound of his footsteps."

Linnaeus went down and made a thorough search, but there was no sign of anyone in the museum. No one could have been there, as the door was locked and Linnaeus had the key.

A few days later, Linnaeus received word that his friend, Karl Clerk, had died in Stockholm at precisely the hour that his footsteps had been heard in the locked museum.

• • • For many years, Jules Romains conducted experiments to prove that human beings can see through their skins. After observing several cases of supernormal sight, he had come to the conclusion that, as the human eye had evolved from skin tissue, these cells still had the latent ability to transmit visual impressions.

On Christmas Eve, 1922, he gave a remarkable demonstration. Three subjects were blindfolded by placing

strips of adhesive tape over their eyelids. These were covered by two pieces of black silk, over which a bandage of black plush was finally fastened.

The subjects were then given photographic printing frames which contained letters, numbers, and colored pieces of paper covered by glass. By placing the frame near their foreheads or fingertips, they could distinguish blue, red and green, and make out numbers in the hundreds. They could even "see" the outline of pictures.

Many outstanding men, including M. Ledoux-Lebard, R. Maublanc, Dr. Charles Robert and Anatole France attested the validity of the experiment.

• • • In 1850, fishermen who inhabited a cluster of dwellings at Easton's Beach, Rhode Island, saw a strange vessel making straight for the rocky shore, her sails set in the stiff breeze. A crowd gathered in expectation of disaster when the ship must inevitably crash.

But she maneuvered through the intricate channel and struck the beach so gently that she came to rest uninjured. The people, astounded by such seamanship, boarded the vessel.

They found coffee boiling on the galley stove, breakfast laid out for the crew, and charts and instruments on

the captain's table. *But the only living thing on board was one mongrel dog, sitting quietly on deck.*

Her papers showed she was the "Seabird," expected that day in Newport. An elaborate investigation failed to produce any trace of the captain or crew. How they could vanish from a sound ship in calm weather, nobody knew.

The whole case was reported in *Rhode Island, a Guide to the Smallest State*, sponsored by the Secretary of State, Louis W. Capelli.

• • • The great Pavlova had been dead but a few months when "The Snowbird" ballet, which she had inspired, came to its final rehearsal. Only three persons watched from the darkened auditorium—the composer of the score, the business manager and Lady Eleanor Smith, who recorded the incident in her book *Life's a Circus*.

In the ballet's climactic scene,

Frances Doble danced a routine similar to Pavlova's "The Swan." As the ballerina came on she appeared strangely small—no larger, in fact, than Pavlova. Her figure seemed changed, and every move and gesture was that of Anna Pavlova. Effortlessly, as only Pavlova could dance, the figure went through an entirely different routine than the one called for in the script. *It was Pavlova's from start to finish.* To complete the dance, the figure, standing easily on one pointe, pirouetted three times—a thing Miss Doble could not do.

As the amazed spectators searched each other's faces, they realized all three had seen the same thing. The moment was interrupted by Miss Doble saying in a dull voice: "I'm sorry—let's try again. I couldn't dance. I must be awfully tired. My mind suddenly seemed to go blank."

She had no recollection of having danced the scene.

—R. DEWITT MILLER

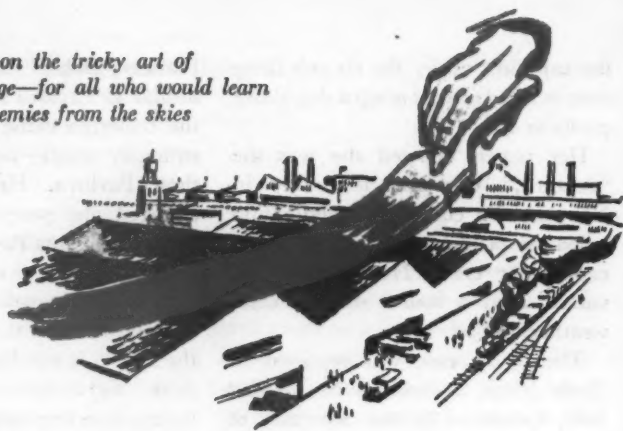


¶In the coastal towns of Yucatan, each house has its own rain reservoir. Little fishes are kept in these tanks, placed generally on the roof, to eat the mosquito larvae and thus keep the water free of the deadly yellow-fever germs.

¶The French have found that roasted oats make a more than drinkable beverage to take coffee's place. Dried or powdered blackberry leaves serve as tea. And boiled apple parings make an excellent compote.

¶In Tibet, dried meat is carried under the saddle on a journey, so that the action of the horse may soften it. Milk curds are put in a jar of water, which is tied to the saddle so that the same movement may liquefy the whole. At trail's end, the rider's meal is ready.

*The experts' latest on the tricky art of industrial camouflage—for all who would learn how to evade our enemies from the skies*



## ***The Magic of Camouflage***

by CLYDE VANDEBURG

CENTURIES BEFORE global warfare, before the earth itself was known to be a spinning sphere, Mother Nature had perfected for her charges an intricate system of protective concealment that serves today as the pattern for camouflaging war factories.

When Nature gave speed, talons and killing power to her birds of prey, she offered compensation in another form to the hunted creatures of the earth. The Arctic Ptarmigan is a classic example of the art of protective concealment. This defenseless bird is the natural food of a dozen winged killers and yet he pits the defense of camouflage against them—and survives:

Good camouflage—whether applied to Nature's Ptarmigan or Industry's tank factory—aims to confuse and mislead the enemy through the science of deception. A brief study of the Ptarmigan's technique will lead to a better understanding of the prac-

tical measures now being taken to conceal our vital and immovable war factories from observation and attack by air-borne enemies.

A popular misconception (aided and abetted by cartoonists) visualizes camouflage as a means of making a tank plant look like a cathedral, an aircraft factory like an Iowa barn with a herd of grazing Jerseys, and a munitions works like a country carnival. Such treatment, however, is extremely unusual. Look again at the Ptarmigan. The secret of his survival lies in the fact that he shuns the conspicuous. The brief Arctic summer finds him decked in a drab dun plumage that blends to perfection with the heather tints of the tundra. From the air he is just not there. With the first autumn snow he dons the plumage of winter and returns to an anonymity as inconspicuous as the shifting white in which he lives. The wily Ptarmigan



knows that it is better to remain invisible than to be killed.

In furtherance of the ptarmigan technique, this article is intended as a factual exposition of some practical problems, methods and objectives of industrial camouflage. The scope of industrial concealment in this country should be limited entirely to protection against air observation and attack. No attempt is made in this study to deal with the restricted subject of military camouflage which combines both the problems of concealment from the air and from attacking ground forces.

WHEN APPLIED TO a majority of the tremendous installations of war industry the costs of complete concealment are almost prohibitive and rarely justified. Complete concealment should not be undertaken unless the installations are vital and unduly exposed to the threat of bombing. The War Department has competent authorities on the subject of industrial camouflage, and costly protective measures should never be undertaken save by authority and advice of the War Department.

The position of the North American continent between its guardian oceans makes it somewhat unlikely that we shall suffer anything more than token raids upon our industrial installations. Camouflage, in turn, must vary with the type of attack expected and the proximity of a war factory to an exposed area. As an example, complete concealment might be justified for factories in exposed coastal areas but

not warranted for inland plants.

Because of our geographical position, token bombings, if any, must come from long range, high altitude precision bombers of the type of our Flying Fortresses. Such planes would have to operate without benefit of covering fighter craft and would therefore bomb from altitudes ranging from 10 thousand up to 30 thousand feet.

In any study of protective measures against high altitude precision bombing, the viewpoint of the bombardier rather than the ground observer must be kept in mind. No attempt at protective concealment should be made without adequate aerial study from high altitudes to determine the relation of the subject factory to its nearby identifying landmarks. These "give-away" landmarks include such features as highways, rail lines, streams, lakes, mountain ranges, bridges and other "location" features by which a bombardier may "find" himself and set his run upon the target. No matter how cleverly concealed, from a ground observer's viewpoint, a bombardier may detect camouflage by such obvious oversights as neglect to camouflage a well-worn highway or a spur track that terminates in a seemingly innocent grove of trees. If your plant is to be well camouflaged, plan your concealment from the air.

In general, three types of concealment may be considered as protection against high altitude bombing. The War Department recommends a careful study of all factors before adopting any type or combination:

Least expensive, yet frequently

satisfactory, is the technique of toning down bright surfaces and colors in an effort to minimize reflections and eliminate sharp contrasts with surrounding buildings or terrain. This technique should include a study of bordering outlines: roads, ditches, parking areas, rail lines and canals.

Partial concealment is a second type of camouflage and involves the creation of artificial ground patterns to break up the severe shadow outlines and contours of a plant.

The importance of distortion and confusion can be appreciated when you examine the problems of a bombardier approaching an industrial target at an elevation of 30 thousand feet at a speed of 200 miles an hour. From his oblique viewpoint 30 thousand feet above the earth, the bombardier must recognize his target from a distance of  $5\frac{1}{4}$  miles away to be effective. A recognition distance of  $4\frac{1}{4}$  miles is the minimum. At the maximum distance of  $5\frac{1}{4}$  miles, moving toward the target at 200 miles per hour, the bombardier has exactly 60 seconds in which to fix his sight upon the target in preparation for release of the bomb at a point  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles away from the target. The angle of vision and the distance must be kept in mind when camouflaging a plant against precision bombing.

Complete concealment (the third type) of industrial installations offers many complicated and costly problems. Its

aim is to conceal completely from any angle or elevation. Garnished nets spread above a factory, dummy buildings and trees, artificial patterns and faked shadows are but a few of the costly props.

Interestingly enough, the huge automobile parking lots of modern industry create a very special problem to the camoufleur. There is no better clue to a busy factory than the thousands of cars on its encircling parking lots. Since the majority of automobiles are dark in color, one of the simplest ruses is to park them on a dark surface. Wooded areas are also useful for the concealment and dispersal of cars. When wooded areas are not available, painted rectangles can be utilized to break up the pattern of a large lot

#### **How Well Do You Know Your Camouflage?**

*Here is your chance to acquaint yourself with the basic types of camouflage—by actual example. On the gatefold facing are two case histories. One is illustrated in black and white—the other (on the reverse side) in full, natural color. In each case history, the subject (portrayed by scaled models) is shown in its uncamouflaged state—together with three authoritative methods of concealment, fabricated expressly for Coronet by Professor Konrad F. Wittman of the Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y. Study the pictures carefully in conjunction with the opinions of Professor Wittman under each illustration and you will learn an interesting object lesson in the art of camouflage.*

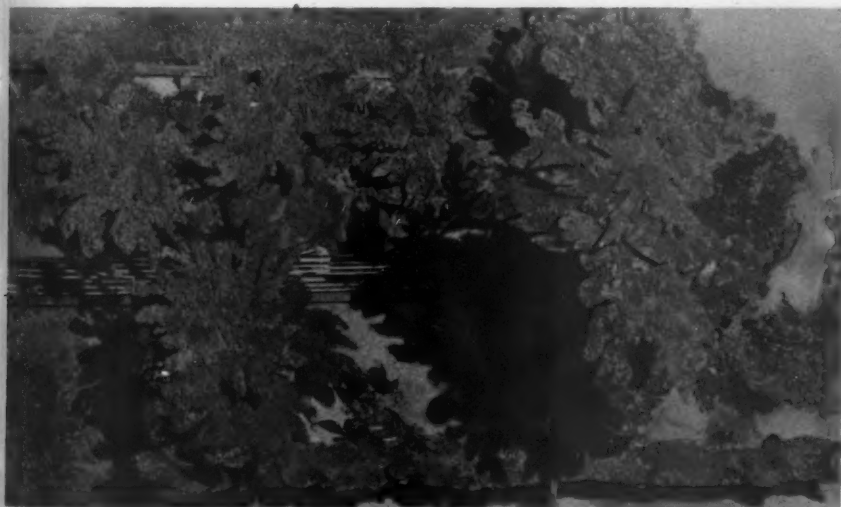




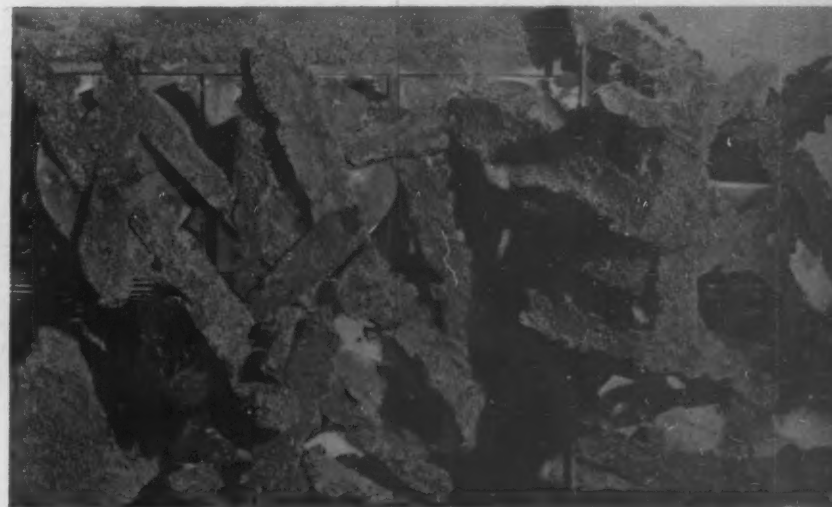
**1** Uncamouflaged: storage tanks, water towers and cooling towers are conspicuous landmarks. They are also vulnerable targets with their brilliant white and aluminum paint, their round form and their arrangement in rows. Following are three methods of camouflage. Actually photographs of so small a section are not sufficient to check the merits of a camouflage scheme since the deceptive arrangement depends on the whole existing landscape pattern which it must fit.



**2** Covered with roofs: here the tanks are covered with roofs—light makeshift roofs on sectional scaffolding. The group of tanks now looks like a harmless farm with trees in the yard. This type of camouflage demonstrates the technique of concealment. It may be a perfect solution to the problem, provided of course that these tanks are in a suburban or rural landscape where similar groups are common. Over-all uniformity of appearance is the desired goal.



**3** Camouflaged as trees: sometimes a group of trees might be even more effective, especially where the landscape is a patchwork of fields and woods. Trees are built up with textured nets. Instead of regular shadows and shining tops, we now see a jagged shadow pattern—camouflage by deception. Trees may always be used appropriately and their construction by use of nets is not difficult or expensive. In an arid desert, however, or bare industrial section, they would be useless.



**4** Confusion of identity by means of nets: very often confusion alone will do the trick. Nets on cables and wires are sloped down, not to imitate anything exactly, but merely to create a muddled spot which, seen from a great height, may prove unsatisfactory for precise aiming. If the bombers are presumably very high, and the landscape pattern is complex and somewhat confusing, this solution may be the easiest and cheapest. It converts a bull's-eye into a meaningless spot.



**1** Uncamouflaged: an industrial plant is conspicuous because of the contrast between reflective roofs and straight shadows, its shining tanks, white pavements and reflective skylights and windows. These, plus the glittering tracks leading in, create an obvious geometric pattern. Naturally the vertical view (which alone is given in these photographs) tells only half of the story; for the observer and bombardier look at the target from an oblique angle with greater scope of observation.




**3** Camouflage with nets: a tricky framework of wires and cables crisscrosses the roofs, pavements and roads, sloping down from the highest points in irregular shapes and producing an intricate pattern of light, color and shadow similar to a landscape of rocks, trees and meadows. Garnished nets are best for complete concealment; they produce a natural-looking imitation, are easy to handle and light in weight. It is, however, difficult to keep them in place during a heavy storm.



**2** Toned down with paint: this utilizes an over-all dark paint job with a resultant confusing pattern. The typical color of the adjacent landscape is applied to pavements and roofs. Tanks are painted a dull gray or green and windows are covered or smudged. All reflections are carefully eliminated. Paint alone is not successful however, because paint, no matter how dark we make it, can never replace a real shadow. Strong sunlight reveals the rigid pattern of high buildings.



**4** Nets and dummy houses: fake streets and dummy houses, imitation trees and patches of artificial texture distort the straight shadows and resemble the pattern of a rural district. Smokestacks have tree-shaped umbrellas to cut their height. Colored nets provide background for the roofs. Dummy houses show up nicely, bringing variety and more vivid pattern where a large factory is concealed. But they need good support to resist wind, and they're difficult to build over factory roofs.



and create the effect of a number of small buildings when viewed from high elevation.

Conspicuous cement highways leading into a plant can be subdued by darkening with lamp black. Black asphalt pavements can be lightened with special dyes or spread with sawdust or stone chips mixed with an adhesive base.

And just a word about fixed or permanent camouflage. If you must paint an orchard on the roof of your precious plant, you will be better off if the trees are not in leaf. Dead trees are not too inconspicuous in the height of summer but even a color blind bombardier might detect the presence of a green orchard in the dead of a white winter.

Among others, do not set a new rectangular factory so that it lies contrary to the angles and shape of surrounding fields. Don't be conspicuous.

OF A THOUSAND headaches that confront the modern camoufler, industrial shadows are, perhaps, the biggest single problem. Long, regular shadows are contrary to the rules of nature and are instantly spotted by the alert and experienced bombardier. Such shadows can be modified in shape and size by coloring the ground on which they fall, or through distortion by the planting of trees and the placement of "garnished" nets to break the pattern of a factory shadow.

Good camouflage seeks to avoid or confuse the straight lines and contours of man-made structures in favor of the irregular patterns of nature.

Nature has yet to create a shadow whose length and severity can match the shifting travels of a factory smoke-stack over the course of a sunny day. Such shadows are almost impossible to conceal completely, but they can be shortened by the placement of nets stretching from a point near the top of the stack in a gradual angle toward the ground. Huge collars, fastened around the stack at several levels and fanning outward in the shape of an opened umbrella, will serve to break the shadow pattern of a stack and create instead the irregular outline of a tall tree.

When the roof area of a plant is too vast to be covered over with garnished netting, the camoufler turns to deceptive painting or high-lighting as a means to confuse and distort a large area. A few sections of the roof may be painted in contrasting rectangles to present the appearance of a group of scattered buildings.

Over-all netting of a factory is, perhaps, the most costly form of protective concealment and rarely justified. This method is accomplished by covering the factory with an overtopping net of strong wire mesh supported by steel posts set at a distance from the plant in order that the finished camouflage may completely conceal the outline of the factory and smooth out or eliminate its shadows. The finished net is "garnished" with hanging strips of burlap, colored to a desired pattern and informally distributed to match the effect of surrounding woods or meadows. Depth of shadow is accomplished through



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openings in the surface of the net that permits light to fall and reflect from the actual roof below.

No less interesting than the nets themselves are some of the "garnish" materials used to decorate and trim them. Canvas, cotton, burlap and hemp are common materials. These are torn into long strips and woven by hand or machine into the mesh of the net with trailing, movable streamers extending below. Colors are sprayed on to give the desired effect and costume variations are continually in progress with the subtle color changes of the shifting seasons.

Steel wool treated against rust, sprayed to the desired color and pulled out into the shape of trailing foliage is a popular new "garnish" material with the effective informality of Spanish moss. Spun glass and rock wool are also valuable for certain effects.

Another innovation is the use of chicken feathers thrown upon nets previously covered with a waterproof glue. Sprayed to the desired color pattern the feathers do not reflect light and give the effect of wind-stirred

grass on the surface of a summer meadow.

The good camoufleur will remember that it is the amount of light reflected rather than the color that is likely to disclose the presence of a flat, painted roof. Adhesive paints mixed with straw, sawdust, twigs, chips, small stones, slag from an ore dump, or leaves from the autumn trees, will provide a granular surface with deceptive depth and low reflective values.

But before planning any camouflage projects, consult the nearest Office of Civilian Defense. That organization contains specialists in this subject, and their advice will save you time, money, and labor—as well as critical materials.

*—Suggestions for further reading:*

MODERN CAMOUFLAGE  
by Major R. P. Breckenridge \$3.50  
Farrar and Rinehart, New York

PROTECTIVE CONCEALMENT  
Issued by the Office of Civilian Defense \$2.25  
March, 1942

INDUSTRIAL CAMOUFLAGE  
by Konrad F. Wittman \$4.00  
Reinhold Publishing Corporation, New York

### ***Faux Pas***

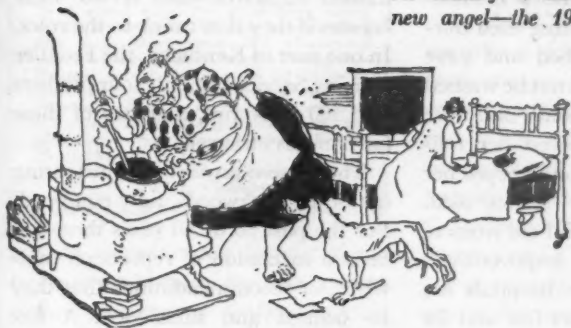
A VERY NERVOUS LADY who had invited a famous financier to tea became even more jittery when her small son appeared on the scene. Her visitor possessed an abnormally large nose, and from the curiosity with which her son was eyeing him, she felt sure the child was ready to make some devastating remark.

Finally, to her intense relief, the nurse appeared and ushered the child out. Just then the tea was brought in. With a happy sigh, the hostess turned to her guest and said:

"And now, Mr. X, will you have one or two lumps with your nose?"

—FROM *I Wish Pd Said That*  
(SIMON AND SCHUSTER)

*With the current war-shortage of doctors, the country is welcoming medicine's new angel—the 1943 style nurse-midwife*



## ***Exit Granny Midwife***

by EDITH M. STERN

**I**F YOU PICTURE a midwife as an ancient hag with unwashed hands, meet her modern supplanter: the nurse-midwife.

She has given nearly five years of her life to learning her profession—three training to become a graduate nurse; six months to a postgraduate course in midwifery and usually at least a year's training in public health nursing, so that she can teach families health habits, as well as deliver mothers, and practise nursing.

In Maryland, you'll find her supervising and instructing the formerly untutored midwives who deliver 11 per cent of the state's mothers. In Kentucky, she'll be wearing a riding habit, carrying her equipment on saddle bags, fording swollen streams in the spring and riding up snowy mountain trails in the winter to reach women in labor. In Alabama, she's a young, intelligent Negro woman, per-

haps traveling around on a mule.

Today, in all of these United States, there are fewer than 100 members of the new profession of nurse-midwifery. But their significance cannot be measured by counting heads. They are the vanguard of a movement to give every American woman the benefits of that American obstetrical care which can be the best in the world.

Lula Alice of Alabama, for instance, was one of the 17 per cent of all rural mothers (53 per cent among Negro mothers) who have their babies at home without medical care. She had eight, and lost three before they were a month old. "Granny" Lil, who attended her, was a dear old soul but she couldn't read or write, and the states in which she and other untrained midwives flourish have the highest maternal and infant death rates. Granny Lil put a scissors under the bed to hasten labor, kept the one-

room shack dark and air-tight through every one of Lula Alice's confinements, pushed the bedding used during labor under the bed and gave instructions that it must not be washed until the baby was a month old.

And Lula Alice obeyed her religiously, as her mother had obeyed her old midwife, but the babies died.

Good old women, kind old women, the Granny Lils of impoverished, isolated regions where hospitals are inaccessible and doctors few and far between—women who serve their younger neighbors faithfully for a pittance of a few dollars. But they are not good enough to bring into the world the 200 thousand American babies born annually without benefit of a physician. For women between 15 and 45, childbirth remains one of the three leading death risks. Only with skilled obstetrical care, aseptic conditions for delivery and proper prenatal examinations, can the risk be reduced to a negligible minimum.

And maintaining that minimum is the business of the nurse-midwives who practice always as part of some private or public agency, under the supervision of doctors.

In Maryland, for instance, the nurse-midwives refer all pregnant women likely to have complications in childbirth to hospitals. In addition,

they instruct and supervise all untrained midwives—and revoke their licenses if they don't stick to the rules. In one part of Kentucky, the Frontier Nursing Service lost only four mothers in 5,500 deliveries, and two of these for non-obstetric reasons.

The nurse-midwife didn't just spring out of the backwoods, fully equipped. For the past 30 or 40 years there has been a succession of reports on midwives, of recommendations that they be trained and supervised. A few cities even made attempts to regulate and to teach them.

Then there was the usual "there ought to be a law" dither—resulting in a conglomeration of laws that have little relation to the prevalence of midwives. Some of the states with the greatest number of them had the least regulation. Some, where there were almost no midwives, had grandiose requirements for them. In many, where midwives must be licensed, obtaining a license involves merely the payment of a fee by someone who may be half blind or syphilitic.

Next came attempts to round up midwives, to educate and supervise them. In Maryland this system has worked so well that now the state's rural maternal death rate is lower than the city rate.

But there are still places where un-





*"We have no thought of changing our ideal of a competent obstetrician in a good hospital attending every birth. But meanwhile we have to face the fact that over 200 thousand mothers every year aren't being delivered by doctors, and at present have no hope of getting medical care. Nurse-midwifery is the best answer we can find to the question: can we give these mothers something better than they have now?"*

—Dr. Edwin F. Dally,  
U. S. Children's Bureau

trained midwives are instructed not by nurse-midwives but by county nurses, themselves without special obstetrical training. Here teaching has failed to play a significant role though the Children's Bureau Manual of Midwifery, a masterpiece of simplification, is a help. It has large print with clear diagrams, and lays down such elementary principles as that the midwife should be healthy and clean. It explains the stages of labor and cautions about abnormal symptoms.

Even this primer, however, is beyond some of the illiterate old women who deliver American babies.

Besides, supervision of untrained midwives is easier to say than to put into effect. In a South Carolina district midwives were all given bags of equipment by the county nurse and were told that they would be regularly inspected. Usually the bags were found clean and in order. An old midwife naively indicated why. She didn't, she said, mess hers up by using it.

Small wonder in the face of such difficulties that some nurse-midwives don't attempt grappling with granny midwives but simply practice themselves in limited areas. The Frontier Nursing Service with headquarters in

Wendover, Kentucky, sponsors such activity.

In New York the Lobenstine Clinic operates a similar school. And today there are also two midwifery training centers for Negro nurses—one opened in 1940 at Alabama's Tuskegee Institute, the other just opened in New Orleans under the joint auspices of Flint Goodridge Hospital and Dillard University.

For normal births, the nurse-midwife is thoroughly competent. Fewer than five per cent of maternity cases having good prenatal care and regular examinations develop unforeseen complications during labor. And in the five per cent where something irregular or abnormal does occur, the nurse-midwife, trained to recognize the slightest symptom of something amiss, quickly calls in the obstetrician connected with her organization.

Women like Miss Elizabeth Ferguson, who has developed the program of nurse-midwifery for the Maryland State Health Department, want to see nurse-midwives eventually take over all normal births in homes—to leave doctors and hospital beds free for the mothers who need them for medical reasons. Others who sponsor nurse-midwife programs, however, have a different viewpoint:

"We want nurse-midwives, in the long run, to disappear," Miss Naomi Deutsch, Director of Nursing, U. S. Children's Bureau, told me. "Every woman ought to have the benefits of an obstetrician, a first class maternity ward and good nursing service. When that is available—but only then—we

won't need nurse-midwives."

Only on one point is everyone seemingly agreed: at this time with an imminent shortage of doctors, nurse-midwifery must be encouraged. In some districts it may soon be the only service available. And even those doctors who protested the most in the beginning are asking, now, for nurse-midwives to relieve them of

some of their obstetrical burdens.

And how do the granny midwives feel about their skilled, hygienic young usurpers? "Well," one of them said to a Frontier Nurse, "I'm glad to get shet of all these frolics."

—*Suggestion for further reading:*  
WHEN DOCTORS ARE RATIONED  
by Dwight Anderson and  
Margaret Baylous \$2.50  
Coward-McCann, Inc., New York



### ***On the Bunyan Side***

¶ THE COURSE at the aviation pre-flight school in Santa Ana, Calif., is said to be rather difficult. During a class, a cadet dropped a pencil that he had just removed from his pocket. After retrieving it from the floor, he turned to his classmate and asked, "What did the teacher say?"

The other cadet gaped at him and said, "What did he say? Migawd, you missed a year of college algebra!"

—SIDNEY J. DAVIS

¶ CLANCEY DIED and his wife decided to have him cremated instead of having a regular burial. At the crematory the attendant tried to sell her an urn for his ashes.

"Nothing doing!" she cried. "The little loafer never worked a day in his life. I'm going to put his ashes in an hour glass and he'll be doing something from now on."

—HARRY HERSHFELD as quoted by LOUISE HEINTZ

¶ A YOUNG BOY observing two bowlegged men cried, "Mamma, look at those bowlegged men."

"Son," replied the mother, "don't be so rude. You have had better training. Be refined, have manners. Go home and read from Shakespeare and learn how to conduct yourself."


The boy pored over the writings of Shakespeare endeavoring to learn etiquette, but he made the same statement again when he happened to view the men on another occasion.

He was challenged once more by his mother to read Shakespeare, so he labored again, and upon seeing these men the next time, he exclaimed, "Talley ho! What men are these, that wear their legs in parentheses?"

—EDGAR HUFFSTUTLER


## Not in the Script



 To keep the *Hot Mikado* alive after business slipped in the spring of '40, its star, Bill "Bojangles" Robinson, and the company press agent planned a gag for press and newsreel coverage.

"Bojangles" was approaching his 61st birthday. As a stunt he agreed to dance in the street from the Broadhurst Theatre on 44th Street, where he appeared a dozen times daily in the *Hot Mikado*, to the Cotton Club on Broadway, seven or eight blocks away, where he tapped nightly.


Just before Robinson's birthday, his agent had a change of heart. Reflecting on the age of the tap king and his strenuous program, he called to say that the stunt was off, but before he could say so, Bojangles said: "You know, Ah been thinkin' about that birthday dance. Since Ah'm goin' to be 61, why don't Ah dance up to the Cotton Club and then dance on up to 61st Street!"

 Eugene Ysaye, the Belgian violinist, once gave a joint recital with Mischa Elman and pianist Josef Bonime in Providence, Rhode Island.

A few minutes before curtain time Bonime slipped out to sound the "A" for his colleagues and discovered that the piano keys were stuck fast. Nobody seemed to remember that when grand pianos are shipped, a long

board is fastened inside the action to prevent the keys from rattling.

The show went on, nonetheless—with two gifted violinists trying valiantly to be heard above the tinny tinkling of an old, battered upright, hoisted from the theatre pit to the stage for the emergency.

 The Nixon Theatre in Pittsburgh was sold out solid for all performances of *Idiot's Delight*, starring Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontaine. On the second day of the engagement, the Ohio River decided to flood the town and put on a show of its own.

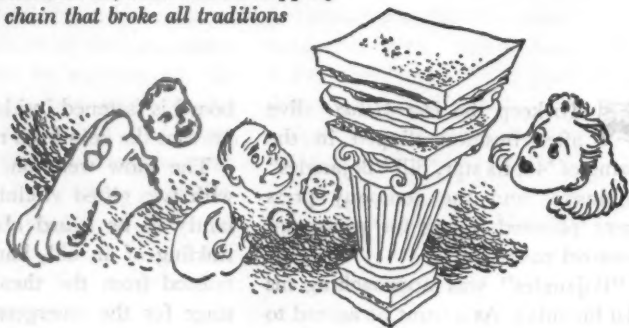
Lights failed all over the city except in the theatre, which had its own power plant. Spectators barely outnumbered the cast and stage crew; thousands who had tickets couldn't reach the theatre.

By Wednesday, water was seeping into the basement of the theatre and rising. Water lapped at the feet of the musicians in the orchestra pit. When the girls in the troupe became ill from eating tainted food, Lunt and Fontaine nursed them personally.

Only 60 persons saw the final performance. During the last act the lights failed, and the scene was completed by the glow of Mr. Lunt's cigarette lighter. The show closed, literally, in no blaze of glory.

—F. BEVERLY KELLEY

*The triple-decker made history when it teamed up with B/G. From then on, there was no stopping this lunch stand chain that broke all traditions*



## ***Aladdin and the Bottomless Cup***

by DAVID GREY

**Y**OU COULD CALL it the story of the merchant and the matron.

They met one day in Kansas City, more than 20 years ago. The merchant was Albert H. Buck; the matron, the mother of a boy who wanted to join Buck in starting a sandwich shop.

"The restaurant business?" arched the dowager when she heard the plan. "I'm sorry, but our family is not *that* undignified!"

"You don't know it," flared Buck in return, "but we're going to *make* this business dignified!"

Today Buck's determination to give counter service a course in good manners has borne fruit in 41 B/G eating places in eight communities from New York to San Francisco. The hash slingers of the old quick-lunchstand tradition, the heavy odor of grease, the counters impregnated with stains of meals long past—all have been eliminated. And, as a result, B/G has

grown from one small shop in Kansas City to the point where it feeds a family of 30 thousand diners-out daily and collects three million dollars a year for it.

The B/G symbol does not, as patrons sometimes suggest, mean "Better Grub" or "Boy meets Girl." Actually, it represents the names of the two founders, neither of whom are now with the company.

The B, of course, is for Buck, who conceived the idea for the B/G shops in 1920 while traveling through Texas. A Dallas restaurant was revolutionizing the sandwich—an idea as old as the Romans—by combining three slices of bread into a triple-decker, and Buck thought he saw great promotional possibilities in the idea.

So in 1921 he and a man named Harry Gage—the G-string in the symbol—opened the first B/G sandwich shop in Kansas City. Equipped

with gas toasters for the club sandwiches, the initial acorn in the B/G chain could seat 20 customers. The menu included the now-famous B/G special (a triple-decker with ham, beef and mayonnaise filling), other club sandwiches, pies and cakes baked in Buck's home by his wife, and tea and coffee. The new shop was not a money-maker and Buck soon bought out Gage and attempted to persuade T. O. Brooks, the proprietor of the Dallas sandwich shop, to join forces with him. Brooks refused—but a Des Moines businessman named Ray C. Johns saved the day by offering to join the organization if he could have a share in management. "Why, sure you can," said the handy-worded Buck. "We're sitting on a million-dollar gold mine and I'm willing to share the profits." Later Johns learned they were losing money, but Buck assured him it was just "temporary."

Under the name of B/G Sandwich Shops, Inc., a legal entity authorized to license other restaurateurs to operate with the B/G nameplate, the two formed a company that in four years sold franchises to 36 eating shops in 18 cities. When Brooks changed his mind and joined the company the firm added "A Brooks Place" to all of its stores and promptly claimed to be the originators of club sandwiches. The chain's theory was to serve as many customers as possible, and the first of its multitudinous signs to patrons urged "Let us do the hurrying for you." Another slogan, "A Meal A Minute," caught the fancy of an Oklahoma rustic, who wrote:

Jentlemen: I notised you have a very quik way to get out a meal a minute. and i sure Will appreciait your kindness very much. if you Will get me The name of Stove you use and who to Buy it from. It must be a quik heating stove so Please give full particulars.

Written on a blank menu form, the letter was signed "Isaac B. Miller, a restaurant man at present out of business letterheads."

In 1926, the franchising system was discontinued because some of the shops did not meet the firm's standards for cleanliness and efficiency. B/G continued to expand, however, and the number of shops grew to 50. The depression shrunk this number, and also brought forth a more diversified menu. This made an archaism of the name, B/G Sandwich Shops, so in 1935 it was changed by a stockholders' vote to B.G. Foods, Inc.

THE war has naturally put a crimp in the B/G operating technique. First and most important casualty was the incredible "bottomless cup of coffee." Giving as much coffee for a dime as the customer wanted attracted nationwide notice for B/G. Thomas Wolfe, the noted American writer who used to drink 20 cups of coffee a day, was a famous B/G booster. He would sit, hulk-backed over a counter, drinking cup after cup as he expounded to friends on life and love. B/G, however, makes no apology for its one-cup-per-day limit now.

"We wouldn't sell a second cup to our own crippled aunt," says a company publicity blurb. "Coffee's scarce,

so roll it around on your tongue for an extra swirl or two and be darn glad you got it."

B/G's meal-a-minute service has received a slight setback from the manpower shortage. They are even telling all their customers that "if you know anybody who's looking for a job . . . send him in!" To save time for the curtailed staff, sandwiches are as untrimmed as Adam's beard. Prices, too, have gone up, and whipped cream pies have vanished from the bill of fare.

"We don't want our explanations for all this to satisfy you," B/G spokesmen say. "We want it to make you mad as the devil when you think that Hitler can keep you from having all the coffee you want. We want you to get mad and stay that way, because that's the way to win the war. Meanwhile, we'll do the best we can for your digestion."

B/G has always held a special attraction for actors and actresses. As Ray Johns, now the company's president (Buck left in 1933), explains it: "The only way we can account for this

taste is to say the ham just loves our eggs." The trim-ankled B/G waitresses are also fine foils for the stage people's humor. Following Polonius' advice, they are "familiar without being vulgar." Fred Waring, one very good customer, supposedly knows more B/G girls than Johns himself.

A volume of legends has grown up around the B/G New York shop on theatrical 44th Street. Fred Allen, on one occasion, was suddenly called upon to do a show in Madison Square Garden. He and his staff planned the entire program in the B/G, and later he announced that because of its birthplace the script might lay a few eggs. This unexpected plug won Allen a meal ticket book which he is putting away against the day he finds himself walking the streets.

In its 22 years of operation, B/G has developed a definite technique for dealing with customers. "Regard them as friends," the training manual suggests. "Their every whim and fancy should be anticipated and fully satisfied." B/G officials are always quoting "Trifles make perfection, but perfection is no trifle." Smiles are recommended as the surest way to a patron's fancy. "An empty person may be a cranky person," says a memo to the sales staff. "He can't scold a smile," says another—but they also warn the girls against a smirk.

Since the salespeople are the ones who deal directly with customers, the company has published a "Standards of Practice" manual for them. No punches are pulled in asking the employees to guard against "what your





best friend won't tell you." Other rules prohibit wearing "unsightly shoes" or stockings with runs, and the shop hostess or manager daily checks up for excessive make-up or too-bright nail polish.

B/G employees are urged not to discuss their personal affairs freely. "But," the treatise continues, "if something is worrying you, feel you can talk it over with your hostess or manager." This provision has resulted in managers settling love affairs, financial worries and, in one case, the housing problem of a Negro porter. He had decided he wanted to own his home, but was hesitant about the business advantages of the purchase. So Olin Evans, one of B/G's vice presidents, surveyed the property for the porter and then helped him finance the deal.

All B/G employees are treated like brothers and sisters in one big family. At training school you learn all of the company's ways and are initiated into the clan. One class commemorated these first days by writing a parody that ran: "School days, school days, dear old B/G school days. Water and napkin and menu first, so full of good food we're afraid we'll burst . . ."

Wages at B/G are comparable to those paid in department stores. In addition employees can get \$6.90 worth of food for three dollars—and insurance for 60 cents a month. On their birthdays, President Johns sends his regards, and in pre-war days employees always got their birthdays off and received a birthday cake.

Policies like these have enabled B/G, in an industry notorious for its rapid turnover, to have more than 200 workers who have been with the organization for over 10 years. The average salesgirl has been with the firm for more than four years, a record veteran restaurateurs would give their eye teeth to possess.

B/G likes to boast that it has never hired a shop manager from the outside. Like President Johns, many of the company's officials have been with the organization for more than 15 years. Some even started as sandwich makers and worked their way up.

IN ALL cities where B/G is in business (New York, Chicago, Cincinnati, Milwaukee, Pittsburgh, Minneapolis, Kansas City and San Francisco) the bulk of the cooking is shipped out to the shops from a central commissary. All of the menus, however, are printed in Chicago, where the company's national offices and experimental kitchen are located.

Every new dish is cooked in the experimental kitchen and tasted by a board of officials before it is added to the menu. It was there that B/G's famous technique for making golden scrambled eggs was perfected. Here's the recipe if you'd like to try it:

Break eggs into a bowl and whip them with a stainless steel fork. Pour in a tablespoon of cream for every egg and whip the eggs and cream together until thoroughly mixed. Place a pat of butter for every two eggs in an aluminum skillet. Use a low heat and as soon as the butter begins to sizzle, add

the eggs. When they begin to bubble around the edge, pull the eggs to the center of the pan from all directions. Do not lift or stir the eggs. When they are cooked to a light and fluffy texture, slide the eggs from the skillet onto a large warm service plate.

Although the kitchen is constantly finding less expensive ways to cook, B/G's normal profit per meal is less than one cent. Profits for the 1930-1940 decade were from 80 to 100 thousand dollars a year, but in 1942,

high costs made for a 32 thousand dollar loss. The 400 controlling stockholders have their fingers crossed for the slight profit officials see for the 1942 fiscal year.

Included among the 765 thousand dollars worth of assets is good will, listed by the accountants at one dollar. "Of course," says Johns, "that's far too low a rating, because to keep in business a restaurant has to get the customers' good will and keep it. And I think we're doing it—thanks to the Kansas City matron's snobbishness."

### **Washingtoniana**

¶ WASHINGTON's theme song—"Down by the Old Maelstrom."

¶ RECENT STORY going the rounds in Washington concerns a Western Union messenger who had to deliver a telegram in the War Department Building. He went in Friday morning, got lost, and on Monday emerged commissioned a lieutenant colonel.—BENNETT A. CERF, in *The Pocket Book of War Humor* (POCKET BOOKS, INC.)

¶ ACCORDING to Irving Hoffman, it's high time Washington quit being a madhouse and became a get-madhouse!

—FROM *The Hollywood Reporter*.

¶ THIS IS THE MEMO that Jack wrote.

This is the fifth assistant clerk who checked the memo Jack wrote.

This is the other quartette of clerks who checked the check of the fifth assistant clerk who checked the memo that Jack wrote.

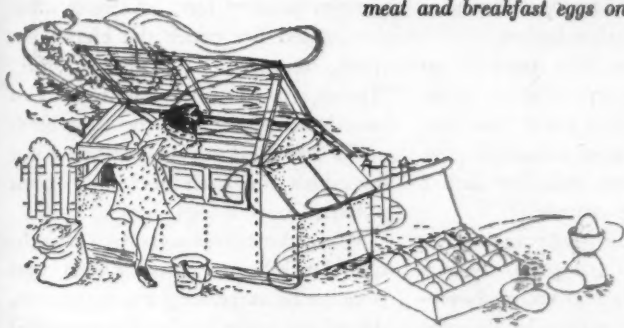
This is the subdivision chief who initialed the checks of the other quartette of clerks who checked the check of the fifth assistant clerk who checked the memo that Jack wrote.

This is the third assistant secretary of the Bureau Commissioner who initialed the initials of the chief of the subdivision who initialed the checks of the quartette of deputy clerks who checked the check of the fifth assistant clerk who checked the memo that Jack wrote.

—And if you can't follow this any further you'd better not take a job in Washington where this is only a start on paper work involved in the transmission thru "regular channels" of the memo—which didn't amount to a damn in the first place—that Jack wrote.

—BERTON BRALEY in *Nation's Business*

*If your butcher's ice-boxes yawn, it needn't worry you. Raise your own chickens and have meal and breakfast eggs on hand all the time*



## **Grow Your Own Chicken Dinner**

by EARL SELBY

*"I believe that many people in villages and towns are in a position to increase egg and poultry production . . . Anything that adds to the total supply of good foods is a step towards winning the war and an added guarantee that we will continue to be well-fed in this country."*

—Claude R. Wickard, Sec. of Agric.

**I**N TOPEKA, KANSAS, a sixteen-year-old girl named Joan, mistress of the family's food budget now that her mother and father work in a war plant, isn't worried about the meat rationing program.

In Port Washington, Long Island, a father of four children tells his neighbors that no matter how much civilians have to sacrifice his brood will maintain a balanced diet.

In San Francisco, the wife of a convoy sailor always has an appetizing meal ready for him, even though her butcher's hooks hang empty.

Separated by thousands of miles,

those three Americans are nevertheless related in one mutual experience: They're all combating the meat shortage by raising their own chickens.

Impossible?

Not at all. Whether you live in the city, town or suburbs, you could, with a small amount of money and an hour a day, just as successfully raise chicks that will grow into egg-laying pullets and meat-yielding birds.

Take that girl in Topeka. When her mother and dad took war plant jobs, Joan suddenly found herself the family cook. How or where she got the food was her responsibility.

At first Joan thought the neighborhood butcher would solve her problems, but she soon found his ice-boxes were empty most of the time. He did offer a suggestion, however.

"Why don't you grow chickens and get your own eggs and meat?" he asked her. Joan laughed at the idea.

Imagine her, who had never touched a live chicken, raising them! She dismissed the proposal and went home—with an empty market basket.

That night the idea popped up again. Why not try to grow some chickens in her back yard? She had time before and after school to tend them, and she was sure her father would finance the venture.

Three weeks later Joan was growing chicks in a back-yard coop. In two months the family was eating home-grown broilers. Five months after she started, the birds went into egg production. Joan's family has no food problem now.

THE PORT WASHINGTON father is another case in point. Realizing that home-raised chickens could solve the meat problem, he went to his county agricultural agent for advice. "Get some one-day-old chicks," said the agent, "and grow them yourself."

Today his chickens give this man a healthy hobby, furnish his family with eggs and meat, and provide fertilizer for his wife's victory garden.

After hearing stories of how "bargain basement" chicks died in infancy or matured into puny birds, the Port Washingtonian had decided to get a reputable Plymouth Rock brand—n'ted for its meat and steady egg yield. His agent advised him that he could also have purchased Rhode Island Reds, Wyandottes, Leghorns, or New Hampshires, all breeds that are approved by the government.

As it happened, he had only to go to a nearby hatchery for his chicks,

but the sailor's wife in San Francisco decided to get her birds from a mid-western poultry farm. A week after she mailed her order the chicks arrived, housed in a cardboard box. Having previously obtained two broody hens, she put the tiny birds under them. Feeding rations—and directions for their use—had been obtained from a feed shop.

When the chicks were two months old she killed a broody hen and gave her husband an unexpected feast. All of the male birds—distinguished by their large combs, sturdy legs and fat bodies—were then put in another coop. In a few weeks they were ready to be broilers.

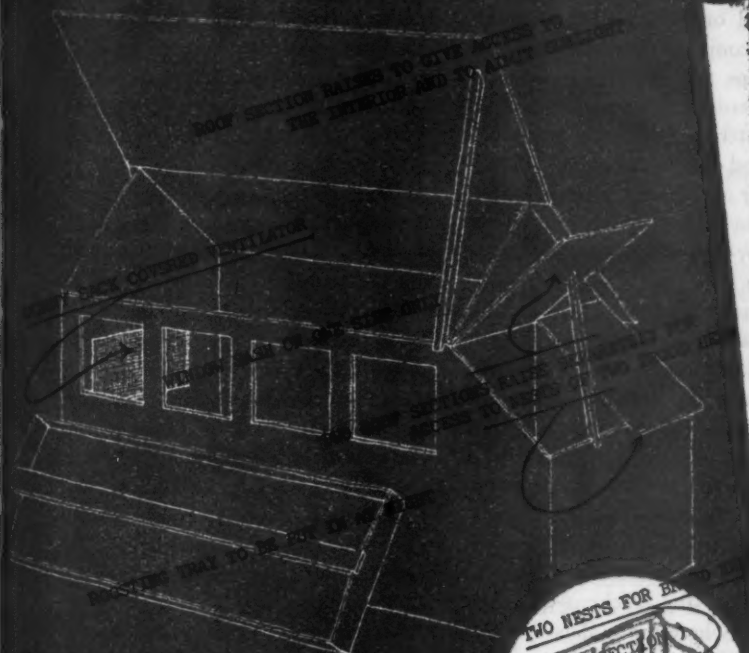
If you want to be a back-yard poultry farmer, you'll have to act quickly to have your chickens producing eggs by next fall. "Grow your chickens to maturity while the summer sun is shining and Mother Nature will be your best ally." If you start your flock in May you should have broilers in August and eggs by late October. The male chickens can be gradually killed off for meat, while the pullets can be kept for egg production or slaughtered when they weigh from five to seven pounds.

Your budget for raising chickens should read something like this:

2 brooder coops. . . .	\$30
2 broody hens. . . . .	2
20 one-day-old chicks	10
feed. . . . .	15
incidentals. . . . .	3
	—

TOTAL. . . . . \$60

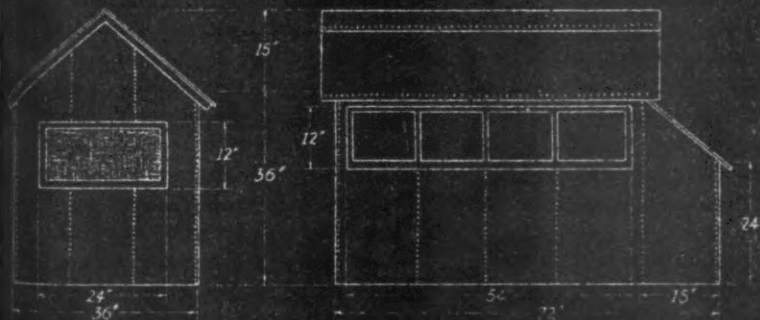
This will depend to a certain degree, of course, on the prices in your



This drawing will give you an idea of how to build with saw and hammer, the working basis for constructing an efficient and low cost backyard brooder coop....

## Coronet Brooder Coop

Made from a cardboard model by Arnold M. Ryan



FRONT VIEW  
SHOWING VENTILATOR

Ventilator fits a 12" by 24" opening 15" above floor.

SIDE VIEW - SHOWING WINDOW CASE

This view shows the four light window case to be set into one side of the wall and also shows the tarpaper covering...

locale—and on your ability to make your own coops. You might even use wood scraps now gathering dust in the basement or garage—but you'll find it better to buy fresh material.

The wood can be any cheap brand, such as fir or yellow pine shiplap, in sufficient quantities to build two of the 3-by-6-by-3-foot coops shown in the diagram. At the lumber yard get the manager to make you a one-by-six-foot window sash with four panes of glass for each coop. Windows are necessary to give the chickens sunlight and sun-inspired vitamins.

Each coop should have an extension with hinged lids, measuring three feet wide, 15 inches long and three feet high, and partitioned in the middle. No, this extension isn't a summer porch for the chickens—it's the nest section where the pullets will lay their eggs. The other end of the coops should have an opening measuring 12 by 15 inches and be covered by gunny-sack material in winter to permit air in the houses at all times.

The 15-inch gabled roofs should be hinged in the center, so that one side can lift up. On non-rainy days, the roof can then be propped open if a screen is used to keep the birds from escaping. The entire coop will be draft-proof if you cover it with three-ply tarpaper. Tarpaper under the coops will also give rats and other wild animals a jaw-breaker of a time boring into them.

When the birds reach maturity, you should build two night roosts, long enough to fit flush inside the coops, and 20 inches wide. The roost

should have side walls three inches high and a center piece running lengthwise for the birds to sit on at night. Put a roost in each coop at evening time and then take the birds out in the morning.

These coops are the chickens' permanent homes. They leave only when they get a one-way ride to your skillet. The houses can be left outdoors all year 'round; and the confined birds will never peck apart your garden.

One of the coops will begin getting crowded in two months and then you can kill either one or both of the hens and segregate the male birds in the second house. As you kill off the broilers, and the pullets reach maturity, you can begin transferring the females into the males' coop.

CITY DWELLERS never fail to be astounded by one fact of animal biology: A pullet does not need a rooster to produce eggs. As a matter of fact, a rooster is required only if you're trying to get fertile eggs that'll hatch into chicks. This means that you don't have to save a single rooster for the pullets' egg-laying period.

Chickens are basically fastidious little birds and they are fond of clean surroundings. When you buy your chicken feed you can also get some straw to spread on the coop floors. This litter should be cleaned out once a week and makes fine fertilizer.

Naturally, there are some problems you may face as a back-yard chicken raiser. First of all, you'd better find out if there is any city ordinance prohibiting the possession of back-yard



### **BUILD YOUR OWN CHICKEN COOP**

Meat has now gone the way of rubber, shoes and coffee under America's wartime rationing program. But since a bit of Yankee ingenuity lurks in all of us, thousands will doubtless heed Secretary Wickard's suggestion for short-cutting the shortage by growing their own chickens.

For readers who are thinking of doing so, *Coronet* has had an inexpensive brooder coop designed, as illustrated on page 45. We regret that because of space limitations we can't include more detailed drawings of the coop or directions for constructing it. However, we have prepared a limited number of complete blueprint plans, specifications and instructions for building. Send your request to Reprint Editor, *Coronet Magazine*, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., and enclose 10 cents to cover mailing expenses.

flocks. Most cities permit them if you keep the birds confined and in a clean, healthy condition.

The broody hens may give you some trouble. The San Francisco sailor's wife, disturbed by reports that a hen might suddenly kill all the chicks, tested her hens by putting them over some eggs in a nest and covering it with a bushel basket. The next evening she took the basket off the hens and let them have a handful of corn and some water. When the chickens got back onto the nest she knew they were genuine brooders.

Your biggest problem will be the feeding plan, but a feed store can give you exact instructions. In general, a baby chick mash is used for the first six weeks, a growing mash for the next four months and then a hard cracked grain scratch ration. You must also keep plenty of water in the coops and provide corn for the broody hens once a day. If a feed shortage develops, you can do as Englishmen have done and feed table meat scraps to the birds.

Chickens are vulnerable to diseases

and it requires careful attention to prevent illness from striking down the entire brood at one crack. For good practical advice, the best friend an amateur poultry raiser can have is his county agricultural agent.

The lure for risking these pitfalls comes in the amount of eggs the backyard farmer can get from his flock. Although egg yields vary, a well-bred and well-cared for chicken should lay about 150 eggs between the start of production next November and May.

If you buy 20 chicks, half of them are likely to be males. Of the ten pullets, you can usually figure on one dying. With nine hens you should get about 112 dozen eggs. Spread over a six-month period this yield averages more than four dozen a week, for properly raised and bred chickens will lay right through the winter.

Poultry raising need not be a solo venture. City dwellers can band together in groups of 10 or 15, buy a pre-fabricated, large-size colony house for about 250 dollars and stock it with enough chickens to feed all of the families involved. The work, like

the expense, can be equally divided among the participants.

Veteran chicken growers will concede the utility of a back-yard flock, but they are also fond of pointing out their beauty. If you've always thought of chickens as nondescript fowls, consider some of the letters owners have written to various breeders:

"My wife tells me," wrote a man in Spartansburg, South Carolina, "that I ought to move my bed into the chicken coop, I stay there so much," while a Marshall, Illinois, resident asserted, "I have spent every possible moment today admiring and en-

joying the beauty and perfection of the wonderful cockerel I just received."

To non-chicken raisers, this may sound like pure fantasy. All we can suggest is that you start your own flock and see if it isn't as fascinating and profitable a venture as you've ever undertaken. Here is the solution to the food shortage problem—and it's right in your own back yard.

—*Suggestion for further reading:*

POULTRY KEEPING IN BACK YARDS,  
FARMERS' BULLETIN NO. 1508.

by The United States Department of  
Agriculture, Superintendent of docu-  
ments, Washington, D. C. 5 cents.

## ***Tales From Overseas***

¶ A RETURNING JOURNALIST from Rome vows for the fact that the standard crew of the new Italian planes for parachute troops now consists of 22 men: one pilot, one parachute jumper—and 20 other soldiers to push the parachute jumper out of the plane.

¶ THE AXIS LEADERS were playing contract bridge in Hitler's mountain retreat.

"Three diamonds," said Goering.

"Four spades," said Goebbels.

"Five diamonds," said Von Ribbentrop.

"One club," said Schickelgruber.

"Pass."

"Pass."

"Pass."

—FROM BENNETT A. CERF's *Pocket Book of War Humor* (POCKET BOOKS)

¶ IN JAPAN, several years ago, the popular place for a love-suicide was beautiful Kegan Falls. The boiling pot at the bottom of the falls is so furious that nothing is ever found of the bodies that drop into it, which makes it a favorite place for people feeling tragic. After several thousand deaths in the falls the Japanese put up a barbed-wire fence and a sign that read:

"Don't suicide here!"

—UPTON CLOSE, *Behind the Face of Japan* (APPLETON-CENTURY)

## Your Other Life

• • • Lieutenant James B. Wilson had been on foreign duty for several months when he had a dream so vivid it started him out of a dead sleep. It seemed he heard the pitiable cry of a tiny child, and so close and real was the sound that he rose from his cot to find the infant. But all he saw about him were the forms of sleeping men.

A few weeks later Lieutenant Wilson received a letter from his wife, informing him that their child had been born. For days the baby had lingered near death, and when he finally recovered the doctor pronounced it a "near miracle."

The infant passed the crisis of its illness around 2:30 a.m. of November 27, 1942—the exact time Lieutenant Wilson heard the wail which had so strangely awakened him.

—From *Fred A. Greenwood*  
*Arlington, New Jersey*

• • • One day my father, who was circuit judge in western Michigan, left home to convene court in a nearby district. That same afternoon my mother, who was convalescing from a serious illness, was lying in her bed in that hazy mental condition halfway between sleeping and waking. In this state, she distinctly saw father driving along a country road. Suddenly the horse became frightened and bolted, the wheel of the

buggy struck a stone and father was thrown over the wheel. She saw him lying still by the side of the road.

So vivid was the whole scene to my mother that she got up and dressed. When a little later word came to her that father had been thrown from a buggy and injured, she was all ready to go to him. The accident happened exactly as she had seen it in her vision.

—From *Anna L. White*  
*New York, N. Y.*

• • • Neither scientists nor doctors can yet answer the expectant mothers' query—"Will my baby be a boy or a girl?"

However Mrs. James Kerr, whose children were all born between 1870 and 1890 without benefit of X-ray or pre-natal care, predicted the sex of her children by dreams.

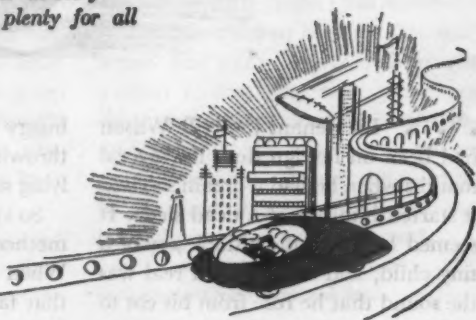
About 24 hours before the birth of her first child, she dreamt about a male robin who sat singing chipperly on the branch of a tree. Amused, she told her husband to expect an heir—and the baby was a boy.

Before the birth of her second child, Mrs. Kerr dreamed again—this time about a mother robin sitting on a nest. The baby was a girl.

She had six children in all—three boys and three girls, and foretold accurately the sex of each one.

—From *Ruth K. Forinash*  
*San Fernando, California*

*In what sort of world will Corky Kelly III grow up?  
This author promises an air-fliver in every  
garage, plastics in every home, plenty for all*



## **Miracles Around the Corner**

by SIGMUND SAMETH

WHEN JOHNNY comes marching home again, to what sort of brave new world will he return? What scientific marvels can all of us hope to see realized in the next decade or two?

To answer questions like these I visited manufacturing plants and laboratories and wangled brief interviews with busy scientists and production engineers. What I learned is heartening. When V-Day comes, Americans should have a higher living standard than ever before. For already industry is better equipped to serve civilian needs because of war-time gearing-up.

Your first peacetime automobile will be typical of the bright new scheme of things. Remember the pre-war cars? Motor makers had a fabulous investment tied up in dies and jigs which they used year after year. No wonder each model was 90 per cent "hold-over" from the previous one.

When Detroit converted to war

work, old equipment was scrapped. To switch back to civilian production will mean, therefore, complete retooling. Practically every machine industry will have a clean slate to start with for similar reasons.

Your car of 194X will be cheaper to operate, with perhaps a "solid injection system" which uses the engine's own heat rather than an electrical spark to explode the fuel. The power plant will be mounted in the rear, crossways for space saving. The cooling system will be filled just once, on the manufacturer's assembly line, and permanently sealed.

Light metal alloys developed for aircraft will eliminate half a ton of deadweight. The body, constructed of non-shattering moulded plastic, will be frameless, hence roomier; moreover, passengers seats will move about as easily as the chairs in your living room. Pressed out of a single

piece instead of hundreds, your car will be permanently squeak and rattleproof. Colorful finishes go clear through the body instead of being painted on. A light buffing and *Presto!* Traffic injuries in dentproof fenders disappear.

Transparent plastics first used in aircraft gun "blisters" make up the entire forward half and roof section. Even if you live in Maine you won't need defrosters, for moisture won't condense on plastic surfaces.

These same insulating properties spell summer driving comfort for you too. No more blast-furnace temperatures when you open your car after a round of golf. Plastics deflect heat rays, permitting only health-giving ultra-violet rays to filter through. Without stepping out of your automobile you can have a Palm Beach tan. But to prevent too much of a good thing a fingertip dashboard adjustment shifts an invisible polarizing screen "out of phase" so that transparency of windows can be decreased gradually to almost black.

Drawing board details of amazing new 40-miles-per-gallon engines, powered by fuels with octane ratings which top 100, are intelligible only to engineers. Not so the superspeed roads of tomorrow. You who have fumed at traffic snarls will appreciate plans for thousand-mile magic motorways with secondary lanes to feed them.

Electronic remote-control devices, which our Navy finds practical for crewless operation of surface vessels, will act as automatic traffic cops in 194X. Dashboard gadgets will main-

tain a safe gap between your car and those in front and rear. Road maps will be archaic. You'll "ride the beam" between transcontinental stopping places. Photronic-cell fixtures switch on at your approach and off after you have passed so the motorway is lighted only while you use it.

WHAT WILL air travel be like?

Aircraft companies promise us continued post-war manufacture. Today their job is production, not prediction. Nevertheless, it is fairly certain that as soon as the huge need for military planes has passed, light "family planes" for everyday use will be turned out by the same straight-line mass production methods.

The family plane of 194X will probably use a tricycle or four-wheeled landing gear and have collapsible wings for easy garaging. You'll taxi along the highway until you come to a roadside flight strip. Wartime experience has given designers invaluable experience with these tiny landing fields. The post-war period will probably see hundreds of thousands of them constructed as part of what the Chief Executive has termed "our shelf of public works" to tide over war plant layoffs.

Real estate men confidently envisage residential frontiers pushing outward 100 or 150 miles from the cities, lived in by air commuters.

Flying freight cars also open up new aviation horizons. One aircraft corporation, long specialists in heavy load-carrying bombers, plans to convert its facilities exclusively to cargo planes

after the war. These Mack trucks of the skyways will carry five tons or more of payload at an average speed of 150 miles per hour. They will use low-cost, cheap-to-operate Diesel power plants and be aimed especially at the South American and Asiatic markets where railways are few and highways prohibitive in cost.

Cargo planes can help the farmer also. Fruits and vegetables picked and packaged in the field can be loaded directly into a stratoliner and whisked aloft 30 thousand feet on the way to market. At that altitude the temperature is *minus* 50 degrees F., cold enough to quick-freeze food products for storage in refrigerated lockers.

"Glider trains" are planned by still other companies. A Wyoming rancher will be able to order a piano from Chicago and have it delivered by the evening air freight. The glider cargo carrier will be cut loose from the train to land smoothly at the local airport. Transcontinental non-stop passenger "air trains" would also pick up or drop off glider "coaches" over principal cities.

YOUR HOME OF 194X promises to be equally exciting. If you wish, you can take it with you when you move. Over 50 firms are even now making pre-built, demountable homes for defense workers. One "packaged" home already in limited production comes completely equipped. It is delivered to you in slices, like a loaf of bread, and mounted on undercarriages light enough to be towed by the family car. Roll the slices together, fasten

the tie bolts, tap in water, electricity and sewer and your house is ready to be occupied.

This sort of demountable house, however, is tradition-bound next to other plans for building the millions of houses America now needs. How would you like whole rooms that "plug in?" Standardized dimensions permit rooms, manufactured by mass production methods, to fit together like building blocks. If additional nursery or sleeping space becomes necessary, just order it at the Room Department of your department store.

For those of us who like to put roots down, non-demountable homes will be improved too. Furniture will be built in as part of the house. Every kitchen will have an electric garbage grinder installed in the sink (replacing the garbage can), and its own quick-freeze food storage unit. Illustrated cooking lessons will probably come in over a television set.

The glass industry, in solving wartime problems, has opened up new peacetime fields for its products. Glass is already well known for top-of-the-stove kitchen utensils. A kitchen range now planned is made largely of glass, so the housewife can watch her baking without opening the oven doors.

It's a far cry from massive heat-resisting glass panels to tiny watch jewels, a thousand of which would barely fill a thimble. Yet tiny fused droplets of hard glass now replace sapphire watch and instrument bearings formerly imported from Europe at a hundredth of the cost.

Bubble glass is another bit of glass-



maker's magic. It floats like cork, insulates even better, can be sawed and shaped with carpenter's tools, is moistureproof, fireproof, and rigid.

Inexpensive insulation such as bubble glass offers, together with penny-a-kilowatt-hour power from hydroelectric sources, will vastly simplify household heating in coming decades. Concealed low-voltage resistance wires woven into upholstery fabrics will shed gentle electrical heat. If a brisk October morning finds the room chilly you'll get instant comfort by merely "turning on the draperies."

Coming household appliances will keep pace with the rest of your house. Perhaps you've noticed that your refrigerator gives off heat while cooling its contents. By 194X engineers hope to have harnessed this waste heat to the home hot water supply system. Likewise they plan to use the waste heat radiated by your kitchen stove to operate the refrigerator.

To save your time and energy for more creative pursuits, electronic controls will open doors automatically as you approach them so you won't have to put down your bundles to turn the

knob. Static electricity precipitating plates, already at work in wartime optical factories, will trap hay-fever pollens and the finest dust particles which get through air-conditioning filters, thus banishing dusting cloths.

The newest electronic devices are still super-secret because of current military application, but it's no secret that color television is already at a practical stage—once V-Day comes. Your radio facsimile set, the size of an electric toaster, will print an illustrated newspaper for you while you sleep. A self-answering telephone has been devised which asks callers to leave a message, then plays the message back to you when you return. Extreme short wave radio frequencies may even permit personal radio channels. By dialing a friend's frequency on your personal radio phone, you can talk with him anywhere.

Dishwashing will shortly become an archaic chore if the predictions of wood-utilization chemists come true. Dinner over? Scrape the dishes clean and dump them into the autoclave next to the sink. Here the plastic material from which they are made is redigested under the influence of heat and pressure.

In a few minutes mother says, "Henry, please turn the crank on the dishmaking machine."

Out of a series of slots will pour newly moulded and sterile dishes, cups, saucers, forks, spoons and knives.

"Flash baking" is a new culinary process which is now possible but cannot be commercially realized until after the war. It uses inductothermy,



familiar to physicians for years, as a means of producing heat *within* substances instead of at the surface. A loaf of bread baked from the inside out has no crust and requires less than a minute in the induction oven. Potatoes can be baked in 15 seconds.

Did you ever suspect that the explosive which gives a one ton demolition bomb its deadly wallop could help to grow better cabbages? Nitrogen is the peaceful "N" in TNT. Every 16-inch shell we fire at the Japs burns up enough of it to fertilize an acre. After the war toluene manufacturers will keep making the plant food to help farmers feed a hungry world.

But crops will mean more than food in the post-war period. Chemurgy, the new science which uses inexhaustible products of the soil as raw materials for manufactured goods, will demand more and more acreage. The whole Plastic Age depends on such prosaic commodities as soy bean cake, sugar beet pulp and cull potatoes.

Plastics, however, will have a close competitor in the light alloys. So-called "common metals" in our economy are really not common at all. Copper, lead, zinc and nickel combined are only one-twentieth as abundant as magnesium which we

Credit is herewith extended to the following for photographs used in *What Makes Jerry Run*: Acme Newspictures, Inc.; Black Star Publishing Company; British Combine Photos, Ltd.; European Picture Service; Free-Lance Photographers Guild, Inc.; International News Photos; Three Lions.

are extracting from sea water in quantity limited only by demand.

Magnesium alloys are stronger than those of aluminum. They can take the place of steel. Unrestricted production of light metals will make the whole price structure lower. Dollars will be worth more as the products which Mr. and Mrs. Average Purchaser buy are steadily improved.

If the war should end tomorrow, Americans would want five billion dollars' worth of automobiles, washing machines, radios, refrigerators, new homes and improvements. What's more, says the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, they have the stored purchasing power for this spending spree.

America's boundless productive capacities, doubled with ease for war, can with vision be put to work in peacetime producing these new wonders for all of us at a minimum cost.

Even war clouds have a silver lining. This one, ironically enough, may have proved a catalyst, hurrying up a better life for us all.

### **Letdown**

**A** MAN WALKED into a restaurant in a western defense town after a strenuous day, prepared to treat himself to the best meal the cuisine could offer. Calling the waitress over, he announced: "I'll take your \$3.00 special dinner."

The waitress jotted down his order, then glanced at the customer briefly. "On wheat or rye, sir?"

—J. C. BELLENTER

## *Picture Story:*

### **What Makes Jerry Run?**

By JOHN GUNTHER, author of *Inside Europe*, *Inside Asia*

**I**N THE FOURTH YEAR of the War, a mighty and ambitious nation stood at the brink of conquest. One country after another had fallen to the invader. New tactics, new weapons, a new frightfulness—these had made possible the greatest military advance of modern times. War-weariness was at work in the hearts of men, even the conquerors. But Victory was close now. Then something went wrong. . . .

The nation was Germany, the year 1918.





*The German Juggernaut seemed almost unstoppable on the eve of 1918 as von Hindenburg, the Kaiser and Ludendorff checked their blueprint for conquest.*



*True, the timetable had called for an earlier victory. But the frontiers of Belgium, of France, of Russia had crumbled easily enough as Europe reverberated to the thunder of the goose step.*



*Flagstones that once had echoed the swift bright sounds of peace now bore the heelprint of the invader. Teutonic faces smirked incongruously against a Gallic backdrop of resistance to the death.*



*And after Ypres, the Somme became a milestone in a black journey of aggression. Free men learned the sounds and colors of disaster, saw their homes turned to ashes.*



*Death spoke on the battlefield in multiple voices. New weapons were loosed—the tank, the plane, the Zeppelin, poison gas.*





Exultant, the Kaiser enjoyed a brisk morning canter while the world rocked in death-agony. He was master of a continent—almost.



How much longer could the Allies endure? Russia had been brought to her knees at Brest-Litovsk. Big Bertha was shelling Paris, 75 miles away. By the end of April, 1918, the Germans had blacked out two-thirds of Europe.



*Homeless, hungry and disinherited, the little people shivered—and looked for deliverance to the British, the fighting French, the American doughboys.*



*Unwilling to live on their knees, the unknown soldiers fought and died—  
and the fields received their anonymous bones.*



*The civilian too was struck down. Children starved and died on the bleak  
roads that led to conquest.*



*But hunger gnawed also at the vitals of the conqueror. In 1914 the German-on-the-street—the baker, the butcher, the house-painter—had rejoiced at the news of war.*



*Now, after four years of blockade, breadlines were ominously long on the German home front. President Wilson's Fourteen Points, combined with a shrewd British propaganda campaign, encouraged many to whisper of peace, the easy way out.*



*On the battlefield, by the summer of that year the slogan—"They shall not pass"—was at last made good, and more. The Germans were entrenched on the south bank of the Marne. Rallying their forces, Foch, Pershing and Haig suddenly struck.*



*Ludendorff called that day "the black day of the German Army in the history of the War." It was August 8, 1918.*



*The Germans fought back desperately—but they were tired and disillusioned. In four days the Allies took 21,000 prisoners.*



*And now "the greatest army in the world" turned its back and fled. It was the beginning of the end.*





*How the mighty had fallen! Yet the High Command had gambled everything on victory. They ordered their troops to fight on.*



*But the leaders were reckoning without the German people's lack of will. News of the collapse at the front had shocked the nation into defeatism. Revolution was in the wind. "An end to war and hunger!" cried the workers. "Give us peace and bread!"*



*They had lived through the turnip winter and the winter of the influenza. They had seen their children die of malnutrition and disease. They had given their sons, their husbands, their brothers. It was enough.*



*The spark was ignited—at Kiel on November 3, 1918. Sailors mutinied and swarmed into the streets shouting, "Finish the war!"*



*Revolt filtered from the coast southward. No one rose to defend the tottering Reich. The German people had a bellyful of war at last. Tens of thousands of armed workers milled through Bremen and Hamburg, singing hoarsely, "Down with the Kaiser!"*



*On November 9th, Scheidemann, leader of the Social Democrats, proclaimed Germany a Republic.*



*The Kaiser had threatened to lead his army against the people, but the army was not his. At dawn the next day he fled to Holland.*

"All the News That's  
Fit to Print."

# The New York Times.

THE WEATHER

For Index and Forecasts, consult  
the weather page.

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NEW YORK, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1918. TWENTY-ONE PAGES.

TWO CENTS.

## ARMISTICE SIGNED, END OF THE WAR! BERLIN SEIZED BY REVOLUTIONISTS; NEW CHANCELLOR BEGS FOR ORDER; OUSTED KAISER FLEES TO HOLLAND

### KAISER FLEES WITH EXHAUSTED

Hindenburg Also Believed  
to Be Among Those  
in His Party.

### ARE HEAVILY ARMED

Revolutionaries Struggle with Police  
as Fugitives Arrive at  
Dutch Frontier.

### THEIR WAY TO BE STOOD

Many Tell of Their "Aim  
to Live and Suffer."

Kaiser Fought Hindenburg's Call for Abolition;  
Failed to Get Army's Support in Keeping Throne

By HERMAN REYNOLDS.  
Copyright, 1918, by The New York Times.  
Special Cable from Berlin, Nov. 11.

At 11 o'clock, the Kaiser fled from Berlin, accompanied by his family and a small retinue. He was seen to enter a motor car and drive off in the direction of the Dutch frontier. The news was confirmed by a number of officials, many of whom were seen to be in the city. The Kaiser's flight was a surprise to many, who had expected him to remain in Berlin. The news of his flight was also a surprise to the revolutionaries, who had been expecting him to remain in Berlin. The Kaiser's flight was a sign of the collapse of the German government.

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### NEW TRUOPS AND REVOL

Reals Still Building in  
Which Officers Vainly  
Resist.

### THROWING DEMAND REPEATED

Revolutionary Flag on Reich  
Palace—German Prince's  
Palace Also Seized.

### GENERAL STRIKE IS DEMAND

Revolutionaries and Police Struggle  
in Berlin—Officers Killed.

Socialist Chancellor Appeals to All Germans  
To Help His Sons Fatherland from Anarchy

BERLIN, Nov. 11. (Associated Press).—Dr. Philipp Scheidemann, the new German Chancellor, Friedrich Ebert, signs the armistice at 11 o'clock. He is surrounded by a large number of revolutionaries. He is seen to enter a motor car and drive off in the direction of the Dutch frontier. The news was confirmed by a number of officials, many of whom were seen to be in the city. The Kaiser's flight was a surprise to many, who had expected him to remain in Berlin. The news of his flight was also a surprise to the revolutionaries, who had been expecting him to remain in Berlin. The Kaiser's flight was a sign of the collapse of the German government.

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### WAR ENDS AT 6 O'CLOCK THIS MORNING

The State Department in Washington  
Made the Announcement at  
2:45 o'Clock.

### ARMISTICE WAS SIGNED IN FRANCE AT 11 O'CLOCK

Terms Include Withdrawal from Alsace-Lorraine,  
Disarming and Demobilization of Army and  
Navies and Evacuation of Stranded

On November 11th, the world awoke to a day of rejoicing. They danced in the streets of London, Paris, New York.



But in Germany the Armistice was the signal for chaos. Hordes of workers clamored for a people's government. The new Weimar Republic struggled against the force of reaction.



*Hundreds died in the streets of Berlin. In Hamburg, sailors commandeered trucks and roared through the city brandishing guns and flags. Every street corner was an arsenal. Men who thought they were facing a dawn of freedom found instead violent political confusion.*



*And hunger increased. Horses were butchered at night in the streets by flocks of starving women. The Allied nations were too busy with their paper plans for peace to watch the seeds of war and fascism take root before their eyes.*



*In the glittering hall of Versailles, men solemnly contrived their treaties.  
But they lacked the wisdom to forge a real solution of the German problem.*



*What they really insured was the death of Woodrow Wilson's great ideal  
and the eventual birth of Hitlerism.*



*One of New York's latest is Bernard Gabriel's Society for Timid Souls—where the students learn to become good troupers and bad audiences*



## ***Shepherd of the Timid Souls***

by EDMOND S. FISH

LONG AGO Demosthenes put pebbles in his mouth and orated to the sea. He did this to improve his stage presence and diction as a public speaker. Similarly Daniel Webster practiced speeches before a big oak tree—wooing it with whispers, laughter and tears—before addressing the people.

Such were the methods of earlier geniuses—though today they would probably prove disastrous, since policemen are all too inclined to lock up non-conformists. New York, however, has as usual found an answer to the problem. It's the Society for Timid Souls, sole object of which is to slay the bogey of stage fright.

"There's a medicine to fit every case," declares Bernard Gabriel, founder and guiding spirit of the society. Gabriel was never a timid soul himself, but saw so much agony among his own piano pupils that he launched the group. "New things are

always popping up, but we find ways of handling them," he adds.

Years of concerts, recitals and piano lessons preceded Gabriel's newest interest. It began casually enough. In giving lessons, he often had applied a few fundamentals of psychology. As the pupil gained proficiency, for instance, Gabriel would tell him to concentrate on the music—then crumple stiff paper, turn off the lights or cause other distractions. This was to impart confidence and to combat stage fright—for basically all stage fright stems from a distraction of some kind.

One day a pupil said: "I think I have the feel of this piece, but I wish I could try it out in front of people."

The following Sunday Gabriel presented a musicale in his huge studio. Guests were encouraged to be ill-mannered; they responded with a will and put on the grandest exhibition of mischief ever seen at a long-



hair jam session. They chatted loudly, whistled, moved chairs around and walked about. Some even walked out.

That Sunday soiree at Gabriel's was the talk of the West 70's, nest of people who are bound—like the best tunes of all—for Carnegie Hall some day. The weekly meetings continued, with the guests methodically needling performers out of their jitters. Soon the informality reached such proportions that Gabriel felt moved to inject a little order into the disorder—like giving the group a name, setting a definite time for the gatherings and charging admission for refreshments.

Artists in every field, of all calibers, now attend these meetings and go into their acts. Some of them want only criticism of their renditions, but more are capable performers who die a thousand deaths from fright. Both groups get a full treatment—ranging from mild criticism to what Dr. Gabriel calls "strange and devious methods for the more stubborn cases."

There is no priority on stage fright, Gabriel is quick to explain. It attacks the big as well as the small. Helen Hayes, for one, never got over having it on opening nights. Otis Skinner was once asked how long one had to be in the theatre before overcoming stage fright. "A little more than 'all your life,'" he said. Bing

Crosby, whose nonchalance at the microphone is the envy of all radio, once locked himself in a hotel room to avoid the terrors of a broadcast.

For his more "stubborn cases," Gabriel holds that a liberal dose of the same conditions which bring on attacks of stage fright has therapeutic value. Accordingly, the society is calculated to bring members a five freedoms from the five fears which characterize stage fright: Fear of memory-lapse; of noise; of silence; of visual distractions; and of the responsibility of playing before an audience.

Aided and abetted by others of the society, Gabriel frequently calls out to a forgetful performer, halting him midway in his number. The bashful artist may be compelled to gossip, tell a funny story or chatter about current events. Then he is ordered to resume just where he left off.

A boiler shop is a tomb compared to Gabriel's studio when a noise-fearing performer holds the stage. He is permitted to begin in deep, comforting silence. Then at a signal, bedlam breaks loose. Members of the society whistle, yell, slam doors and ring dinner bells. Eventually the performer learns to plow through in spite of the demoniacal din.

Or suppose a Timid Soul is afraid of silence. As he goes into his act

everybody hushes to a perfect stillness—and stares. Eventually the performer begins to sweat and tremble. Then some move forward, toward him, still staring until they are almost touching him, encircling him. The treatment may break the fellow slightly to bits at first, but after enough of it he can be chalked up as an improvement.

VISUAL DISTRACTIONS are the most common bedevilment of singers, speakers and others who face an audience. This ailment provides an escape valve for the more athletic hecklers within the society. Spectators wave handkerchiefs, blow their noses, open and read newspapers and books or stand up and walk around, betraying keen interest in everything but the performance. One Timid Soul has perfected the ultimate in cruelty by waving a fan in two-four time as a violinist plays a waltz. A similar episode in Carnegie Hall once made a famous concert star falter in his solo.

The galloping jitters often hit a man or woman when the weight of the responsibility of entertaining an audience strikes home.

"We shower such a performer with encouragement," says the head of the Society of Timid Souls. "We tell him we're all his friends. Only the mildest form of criticism is given him. He's the fellow who needs a buildup."

Such a victim was a pint-sized man who played a piano selection before the society one Sunday night. Afterward a Timid Soul sought to be flattering and told him: "I have the feeling that you could put more vi-

talidity into your playing." Almost wistfully the man replied: "I don't feel very vital."

Sometimes the audience remains silent after a performance. No one says anything.

"Aha, Timid Critics, eh?" gags Gabriel at times like these, and then tries to fill the gap. Sometimes this necessity, plus the fact that certain performances leave *nothing* to be said, leads to embarrassment. Gabriel is still smarting from the time a baritone sang and got no reaction. He finally spurred a woman to speak: "I think Mr. B. should open his mouth more," she said. "He swallows his words—doesn't sing out."

Gabriel thought he should temper this a bit, so he blurted: "Remember these remarks are only one person's opinion. She said you ought to open your mouth—another person might say you ought to close it!"

Housewives, school teachers, stenographers—all sorts of people belong to the Society of Timid Souls. In a corner of his giant studio Gabriel has a big desk at which he answers a string of inquiries weekly about the unique organization. Some people have the mistaken idea that it is a lonely hearts club. Others profess interest in the psychology of the society. One man wrote that he was "doing a book on the problems of life and could learn something from your meetings."

Letters from his out-of-town members—Timid Souls come from Long Island, New Jersey, Westchester and Staten Island—particularly please Gabriel. A New Rochelle housewife wrote

to explain her own peculiar symptoms:

"I always feel people are waiting for me to finish. I feel hurried, and when I'm hurried I collapse."

At the next meeting, Gabriel put a big alarm clock on the piano in front of this woman. It couldn't hurry her, because the hands had been removed. She played beautifully.

Such Gabrielisms never fail to amaze new members of the society, but charter members have come to expect them. Music critics of New York have referred to him as the pianist with a "flair for the unhackneyed." In his personal concerts he prefers to present programs "built around a central idea." Some of his recitals have been programmed as "Music With The Lid Off" (a menu

of the abandoned, the unrepresed, the tempestuous, the fiery); "The Amorous In Music" (which led to a telephone call from one of the Minsky brothers, but came to nothing); and "Neglected Compositions of The Great Masters" (tunes practically nobody but the composers ever heard).

All in all, Gabriel's school is a means to an end, preferably Carnegie Hall; the Society of Timid Souls exists to help any sufferer from stage fright. Which is all to the good.

The only problem is: Who helps those too shy to brave its hectic curriculum for bravery?

—Suggestion for further reading:

MIKES DON'T BITE

by Helen Sioussat

\$2.50  
L. B. Fischer Publishing Corp., New York



BEHIND the cases of rape which reach the courts is the implication or accusation that the girl was forced against her will. When such a case was tried before him, one wise old magistrate once handed down the decision that the defendant must either marry his accuser or pay a sizable fine. The young man decided that he would prefer to pay the fine, and the girl walked out of the courtroom with the money in her possession.

"Now," whispered the judge, "follow that girl and take back your money by force."

Amazed, the young man obeyed, but the girl defended herself so energetically that he could not secure the money. When he was informed of this episode, the magistrate called the two before him and ordered the fine returned.

"Had you defended your chastity," he explained to the girl, "as well as you defended your money, it could not have been taken away from you."

as matter how strong. Two the  
two cases of acute cardiac disease  
("coronary heart" and "physical ex-



You may eat shrimp with strawberries,  
milk with fish, snub spinach or rye bread,  
sip ice water—and still be very healthy!

## Here's Health to You!

by ARTHUR H. STEINHAUS

*"Many a man both young and old,  
Has gone to an early sarcophagus,  
For pouring water icy and cold  
Down a hot esophagus."*

Maybe you haven't heard this one. But you certainly know "early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise." Or "stuff a cold and starve a fever." This proverb originally ran "if you stuff a cold you will have to starve a fever"—just the opposite meaning. These are only a few of the homespun health rules by which one generation passes on its ignorance to the next.

Why must everybody eat spinach? The calcium in spinach is useless to man. With the oxalic acid also found in the vegetable this mineral forms insoluble and therefore useless calcium oxalate. Furthermore, spinach hasn't as much phosphorus as beans, lentils, Brazil nuts, cheese, crabs, eggs, fish, liver, meat or milk. Nor has it more

iron than apricots, broccoli, molasses, wheat, oysters or eggs.

"The whiter the bread, the sooner you're dead." The brown bread faddists forget that though the milling of white flour takes much of the mineral and vitamin content from the wheat kernel, it does not convert the remainder into poison. Rye bread eaters are doubly swindled, for rye bread has had just as much of the vitamin and mineral values removed as white bread.

Then there's the mother who heard a lecture by a professional nature lover. Soon after, she started to feed her family on celery, orange, carrot and prune juice, plus nuts and cooked vegetables—but no meat.

The best that can be said for a purely vegetarian diet is that if you're in good condition and choose your diet carefully, it will not make you sick. It is true that Hinhede of Den-



mark kept his assistant (not himself!) healthy for a half year on nothing but potatoes, margarine and water. But U. S. meat interests kept two ex-Arctic explorers in perfect condition for a year on a pure meat diet. And among 158 outstanding Swiss athletes there was not a single vegetarian!

PERHAPS the worst bogey with which American advertisers intimidate the American people is "autointoxication." In its name hundreds of thousands of healthy people continually insult their intestines with laxatives and enemas. "Autointoxication" is virtually non-existent. There is no absorption of putrid poisons from the large intestine.

What, then, is the cause of the headaches, irritability, and bleary eyes which send people running from radio commercials to the pill cabinet? The answer is simple. If a balloon is inflated in the lower end of the large intestines, a man experiences all these same symptoms. It is a reflex effect caused by the distention of this part of the digestive tract. Whether this distention is due to food residues or to a rubber balloon makes no difference. When the pressure is reduced inside the rectum the symptoms disappear almost immediately. Poisons could not leave so promptly. Therefore, it's obvious that this condition is not due to the absorption of poisons.

"Strenuous exercise injures the heart"—another absolutely groundless statement. A study of hundreds of autopsy records shows that a healthy heart is never damaged by exercise,

no matter how strenuous. Even the rare cases of acute cardiac dilatation ("enlarged heart" due to physical exertion) recover perfectly.

Far different, of course, may be the reaction of a previously diseased heart when subjected to heavy strain. Fast driving does not hurt a perfect automobile engine, whereas it may injure loose bearings and leaky valves.

Contrary to the old scare, it is really good to drink water with your meals. It aids digestion. Even ice-cold water is no significant deterrent to health.

And how about eating between meals? Much more sensible than the convenient three square, would be to eat whenever we are hungry. Young children and certain adults who suffer severe hunger pangs, faintness and other discomforts, should eat five, six, or seven light meals a day.

Never eat shrimp with strawberries, milk with fish, starchy foods with acids . . . these are all old wives' tales. Of course some people are allergic to strawberries, others to shrimp, and if you drink milk containing bacteria it will make you sick. But this has nothing to do with combinations. Any two foods which you enjoy singly, you may eat together.

A favorite among health barkers is "acid stomach," to be cured by various expensive forms of baking soda, with or without bubbles. A stomach ulcer or even a tumor may be the cause, but more commonly it's excessive drinking, smoking or worry. Anger, anxiety and love all paralyze the stomach. The "nervous stomach" is also a by-product of every national



crisis, a big football game, or a family quarrel.

But it has nothing to do with "acidosis," which is a much rarer condition of the blood caused by faulty body chemistry, such as in diabetes.

Don't try to correct your "acid stomach" by avoiding foods which taste sour. In fact, acid fruits actually contain so much sodium that their end effect in the body is to alkalinize it. Starches and fats also cannot contribute to acidosis. Proteins, whether of plant or animal origin, do. It would be better if you never worried about acidosis—you probably don't have it and worrying about it may give you "heart burn."

You may not know how healthy

you are for you probably seldom know how you do feel. We start the day with caffeine, get through it with nicotine, relax in the evening with alcohol, start the next day with aspirin. Bubbling alkalizers remove yesterday's brown taste to make room for today's.

That's the *real* trouble, and there's no pill for it.

—*Suggestions for further reading:*

HOW TO FEEL BETTER AND LOOK IT

by Abbott W. Allen and  
Frank G. Kimball \$2.50  
Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Inc., New York

EAT WHAT YOU WANT

by W. W. Bauer and F. M. Bauer \$2.00  
Greenberg, Publisher, Inc., New York

HOW TO BE FIT

by Robert John Herman Kiphuth \$2.00  
Yale University Press, New Haven



## ***Beyond Anticipation***

PADEREWSKI, in one of his final tours of the United States, was in Boston. A bootblack approached him and asked, "shine?" The great pianist looked at the boy and remarked, "No, my boy, but if you'll wash that dirt off your face, I'll give you a quarter." "All right!" agreed the lad, ran to a hydrant nearby, washed his face thoroughly, and returned. Paderewski with a smile handed over a quarter. The boy took it, but handed it back immediately, with the remark, "Here, mister, you take it yourself and get a hair-cut."

—FROM *Insults* (GREYSTONE PRESS)

IN THE DAYS when Stephen Leacock, with his cheery rugged face and tattered black gown, was a familiar figure in the halls of McGill University, Toronto, many stories about his classes circulated among the students. The noted humorist was, oddly enough, a professor of political economy.

As he called the roll one morning there was a reply to each name, though the full quota of students was obviously not present. Toward the end of the list, however, there was a strange silence after the calling of one name. Dr. Leacock waited a moment, then plaintively asked—"Has this poor boy no friends?"

—GERTRUDE NAUGLER

## Carroll's Corner



### Coronets:

... To the *Christian Science Monitor*, always a model of unprejudiced journalism, now the possessor of the most reliable foreign news coverage in America ... To Samuel Grafton, the Thomas Paine of the 20th Century's war for freedom, who illumines the complex problems which beset us in graphic, lucid prose ... To Andre Kostelanetz, for continuing to be so vastly superior to his imitators ... To the glowing, growing, thoroughly American art of Norman Rockwell.

### Thorns:

... To the American Century doctrine of Henry Luce, a slicked-up plea for good old-fashioned Imperialism ... To the American cafe society school of political thinkers who are working for the restoration of Otto Hapsburg ... To Congress, for perpetuating the reign of that walking synonym for demagoguery, Martin Dies ... To editorials and advertisements which begin "There will always be a something or other" or "Now as never before."

### You Can't Win:

If you worry too much you can get cavities in your molars ... If you insist on crossing and uncrossing your legs too much you can develop a first

class case of palsy ... Your ears never stop growing ... You're losing at least 40 hairs a day ... Your eyesight has been on the downgrade since you were 17 ... You can get a nervous breakdown from overwork and worry; you can get a nervous breakdown from doing no work at all and having no worries.

You win: Your chances of being struck by lightning? One in 7,000.

### File and Forget:

... Ever wonder about the size of Heaven? It's 12 thousand furlongs (7,920,000 feet) high and just as wide. Check this with Revelations XXI, 16 ... Know Your Roman Emperors Department: Nero's eyeglasses were made of emeralds ... Blot on our 'scutcheon: Early American settlers used to boil their coffee beans in water, throw the water away, then munch the beans ... What is Mussolini's full name? Answer: Benito Amilcare Andrea Mussolini. He was named after a couple of anarchists.

### Quote-Unquote:

CORDELL HULL: "A lie can travel half way round the world before the truth can get its britches on."

EDWARD FILENE: "Why shouldn't the people take half my income away from me? I took it all away from them."

*The astounding story of the Army's best seeing eye—the aerial camera—which has revolutionized modern warfare and may well hasten our victory*



## ***Cameras with Wings***

by DOUGLAS J. INGELLS

**T**ODAY ABOVE THE far-flung battlefronts and over the seven seas, the team of the aerial camera and the airplane are changing the entire tactics of modern warfare.

Hours before our giant Flying Fortresses, Liberators or smaller North American and Martin and Douglas bombers take off for raids on Berlin, Cologne, Genoa or Jap-held fortifications on the other side of the world, planes equipped with the latest photographic devices have covered the area to be bombed. Pieced together on a giant wall map the pictures taken dictate the route our bombers shall travel, the speed and altitude at which they shall go over and the size and number of bombs they shall carry.

Now photographs are taken through a thick haze or fog on the darkest of nights, when the moon is hidden. For natural color cameras detect even the smartest camouflage schemes, while

delicate stereoscopic processes tell the observer the height of a building or the depth of a trench—accurate to the tenth of a foot—from altitudes seven miles straight up.

"Airplanes are the eyes of the Army," someone has said—"and cameras are the eyes of the airplanes."

The aerial camera dates back to the days when the Wright Brothers were experimenting with their flying machine contraptions at Simms Station near Dayton, Ohio. One day in 1905, Bill Mayfield (now a nationally known commercial photographer) loaned Orville Wright a small box camera, which the daring inventor strapped to his leg and used to make a picture of the airplane's shed as he flew over it. Thus aerial photography was born.

Since that experiment almost every important development in aerial photography has come from the Army,

and most of the experimental work has been done in the shops and laboratories of gigantic Wright Field. Chiefly responsible are two men, Colonel George W. Goddard and Colonel A. W. Stevens, whose creative minds have lifted the workable ceiling from which good, clear photographs can be taken, and have made possible night and color photography. Together, working with talented civilians and enlisted men, they have given our Air Forces—including Russia, China, Britain and all the combined armies of the United Nations—the best photographic equipment in the world.

GEORGE GODDARD, Chief of the Aerial Photographic Section at Wright Field, is the man who turned night into day—by creating a powerful photo-flash bomb which produces light of sun-like brilliance. Colonel Albert W. Stevens, the famous stratosphere expert (world's record 79 thousand feet in strato-balloon, *Explorer II*, Armistice Day, 1940) is responsible for high altitude and long-range photography. More than any others these two brought aerial photography into focus.

Goddard, who wears thick black-rimmed glasses and looks like a college professor, is apt to get up at all hours of the night and rush to his laboratory to try out some new device. Nine times out of ten it is successful, and another gadget is added to the already intricate mechanism of the aerial camera.

Colonel "Steve," on the other hand, a long lanky fellow, works better scrib-

bling out his ideas on the tablecloth during dinner. Both have a common failure—their work requires a great deal of flying, yet when in the air both invariably fall asleep.

"Perhaps," explains one sergeant who has worked with both, "these little cat-naps furnish the dreams that give the boss his super ideas. But it is a fact that either one knows more about cameras when he is asleep than most of us know when we're wide awake."

Colonel Goddard (then a lieutenant) made the first night photograph taken from the air over Rochester, N. Y. 17 years ago. A cumbersome bomber droned high over the city when suddenly one of its occupants leaned far out over the side and dropped a cylindrical projectile. It was a most unusual bomb. Seconds later there was a terrific explosion and for miles around the country side was lit up with the brilliance of a thunderous bolt of lightning.

Only those in the plane knew the truth. Simultaneously with the flash of light the shutter of a large camera clicked across the lens—a photograph of the sleeping city had been taken in total darkness from an altitude two miles above the tallest buildings.

Since that time great strides have been made in night aerial photography. Now more powerful chemical powders are used in the preparation of the flare bombs, producing a light whose brilliance is in excess of seven billion candle power or near the brightness of the sun's rays. Instead of lighting up only a small area (the

size of Rochester, for instance) today's flash illuminates an area of more than 900 square miles, making it possible in one exposure to photograph an entire city as large as London or New York or Berlin. Today the synchronization process is improved, producing a clear, sharp photograph which is as good in quality as any daylight photo.

Here is an idea of the brightness of the light which makes possible this new kind of photography. An American Airlines' pilot, flying on his regular route between Nashville and Cleveland one night, saw great streaks of lightning to the north and turned back to the Nashville terminal. Imagine his chagrin when he learned that the Army was experimenting with its new flash powder near Dayton, Ohio, 250 miles distant. This was the light he saw.

"The night flash photographic technique has changed the whole of our aerial reconnaissance," an officer explained. "Under cover of darkness for protection our photographic crews can accomplish far more by night than by day, when their comparatively slow planes are easy targets for enemy air units and ground *ack-ack* batteries. As a result most aerial reconnaissance today is done after sundown."

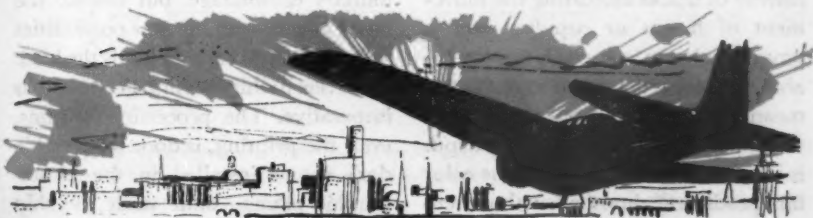
The development of this new proc-

ess is in itself quite a story. It began as early as 1922 when flyers dropped ordinary parachute flares and squatted behind open trap doors in the bouncing plane, trying by hand to click the shutter of their big, heavy cameras at precisely the instant when the para-flare burst. Results proved to be most discouraging.

Next a small model plane was filled with the high explosives and towed behind the photo ship. Its tow-line was an electric wire. And inside the cabin a photographer touched off the spark that exploded the model, producing a flash. The same electric spark clicked the shutter of the camera. They were on the right track, but the method proved too dangerous.

Once the model exploded too near the rudder of the camera plane and burned its control cables, rendering them practically useless. This led to experiments and today's process thus evolved from a long line of tests. Generally it works successfully with splendid results. It was one of the first U.S. developments to go to the RAF under the Lend-Lease Act, and the British praise it highly.

Yet most astounding of all is the fact that the process is not limited to black and white photography. Delicate cameras with high-powered trick





lenses and intricate high-speed synchronized shutters—cameras that use new super-sensitive color films whose secret of perfection is the Army's own—record in natural color all that lies below the airplane.

What does this mean? What is its value to present-day tactics? How is it affecting our United Nations' campaigns on the many fronts? Any Air Force officer or ground commander from Chungking to Dakar will tell you that the color camera and the ability to use it at night is possibly as potent a weapon as the deadliest fighter plane, the fastest and heaviest armored tank, the submarine or the mightiest battleship afloat.

THESE are a few examples of its effectiveness: flying over a carefully hidden field battery that is planted out of sight in a thick woods, a color camera can detect the exact location of each field piece once it has been fired. Hot powder burns change the color of the leaves on the trees and the color film picks up the change of shades. Artificial backgrounds used as camouflage schemes reveal themselves like sore spots in the color transparency. Grass which has turned color from troops plodding over it shows up clearly. Oil spots, drippings from a convoy of trucks indicating the movement of troops or supplies over a paved highway are easily ascertainable, and experts trained to read their meanings can almost tell to the hour when the convoy moved. Also, depth is caught more effectively by the color film producing almost a fourth-dimen-

sion effect, thus aiding greatly in the study of the earth's contours.

Army color experts have learned that special filters must be used in autumn to detect nature's bright colors. Also at this time of year the air is hazy and darkness sets in early, making necessary the use of high-speed, super-sensitive films and lenses.

Recently the Army also has been experimenting with infra-red photography, which enables cameras to penetrate fog and haze. So successful have been the tests that today cameras can cut through the murkiest of fogs and record what is hidden. On one flight out over the Pacific, Army planes on reconnaissance patrol spotted an entire naval squadron 200 miles away approaching under cover of an early morning, low-hanging fog. It might have been an enemy armada, in which case such advance information supplied by a photograph made with an infra-red lens camera would have meant the difference between defeat and victory. Use of the infra-red photography permits pictures to be made from higher altitudes—and photographs have been made from as high as eight miles with astounding accuracy of detail.

Of course such developments must always compete with the progress of military camouflage, but despite the latter's overwhelming new possibilities so far the aerial camera holds the lead.

To keep this advantage, speed is imperative. The processing of films, even the printing, is done in portable dark rooms installed in the photographic planes—done while the ship



is winging its way over some high mountain peak of Tibet or over the smooth waters of the Black Sea.

Various types of cameras have been designed and put to use to make all these feats possible. In all, there are hundreds of types which range from small single-lens oblique aerial cameras that will photograph only a few square miles to giant 12-lens babies that will cover in one exposure an area more than 1,200 miles square. One camera is so small that it takes film 1-16 of an inch wide and can be put in a vest pocket. Another uses

film three feet wide which comes in rolls several hundred feet long. Some are capable of making photographs from less than 1,000 feet, while others can shoot with the accuracy of a new Garand rifle from the stratosphere. A few are restricted to use at speeds under 100 miles an hour; yet others can make good photographs from the fastest bomber traveling at 350 to 400 miles per hour!

This is the story of the aerial camera. It is the story of the Army's magic vision of eyes in the sky that are helping to win the war!



### **Fact Parade**

❑ Drop by drop, there are 32 to the teaspoonful of water.

❑ As water changes into ice at 32 degrees, the rapid expansion causes a terrific pressure. Experiments have shown this to be as much as 30,000 pounds per square inch.

❑ Butter was first made by accident! More than 4,000 years ago an Arabian horseman was riding with a skin of milk, and the horse's gallop churned it into the first butter on record.

❑ There are 2,350,000 grains of sugar in a pound, and one grain of sugar tips the scale at 1/47,000th of an ounce.

❑ Before the war 12 billion cans were produced yearly in the U. S.

❑ Experts in opening coconuts can open from 2,500 to 4,000 a day. There are less than one hundred such experts in the United States.

❑ In England it was once the custom to bake as many mince-meat pies as there were years of marriage at one's anniversary. No guest was permitted to depart until the last pie had been eaten.

❑ During the Civil War nutmegs were used as money in New Haven, Connecticut.

—VIOLET SHAY

❑ The hippopotamus has the longest stomach in the world. It ranges from seven to nine feet in length and is capable of holding five bushels of masticated food.

—SUSAN B. ALLEN

*Introducing the Daddy Warbucks of rumba and swing music—the man whose melody empire spans two continents and controls 18 thousand copyrights*



## **Robbins, the Music Man**

by DANIEL RICHMAN

AT 48, J. J. ROBBINS reigns undisputed as the short, squat emperor of Tin Pan Alley's copyright lane. Mercurial in temper, he commands a music publishing dynasty which spans the Western continents. His is the most powerful personality behind popular music today, simply because he could always sell a song.

The Great White Father of America's music publishing industry controls about 18 thousand copyrights and owns three song firms, Robbins, Feist, and Miller, known to the trade as "The Big Three." Combined, they wield much influence in the publisher-member structure of ASCAP (American Society of Composers and Publishers) of whose board Robbins is a member. His business partners are Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and Twentieth Century-Fox. All songs from their musical movies bear his imprint.

His musical empire has branched

into Rio De Janeiro, Buenos Aires, and Havana, Cuba, thus extending his dominance into the field of Latin-American music. In the United States, seven branch offices in key cities bolster his position. No music conference or juke box operator association meeting is complete without him.

As a true Broadway character, Robbins' foibles are varied and many. He rarely bothers to answer a letter with another of his own; instead he scribbles a penciled reply on the other person's epistle and returns it.

Returning from a two-day business trip he stalks through his plant firing ceaseless questions at everybody. They are answered by no one simply because they follow each other so rapidly there isn't time to reply to one before another pops up.

He employs some of the ablest people in the industry, yet he's not content to leave details to them. About

200 plates of folio cover pages are thrown out each year simply because Robbins doesn't "feel" them. But his absorption with these books of music has resulted in some of the most beautiful folios produced by any publisher.

It is an inviolate rule that absolutely no visitors can see him in his office on Mondays. The reason's a bit vague but has something to do with his yen to attend to desk work.

The rest of the week, however, the Robbins' inner sanctum has been known to rival the best of the booby-hatches. A music editor may be seated at a piano going over an intricate guaracha with an unimportant Cuban orchestra leader; Robbins himself is attempting to discuss sales with a Midwest music store representative between interruptions by his promotion man, a *Variety* reporter and persistent telephone clatter.

JUNE FIRST BEGAN to rime with moon in Jack Robbins' mind some 33 years ago when he announced to his family, who thought of B-flat only as the apartment on the second floor, that he was leaving Boston to seek his fortune in the New York music world.

Robbins first got in touch with an uncle, Ben Richmond, who with his brother Maurice operated the Enterprise Music Company, sheet music jobbers. Jack, as usual, convinced both uncles that the firm just couldn't get along without him, and his Uncle Ben that there was no good reason why he, Jack, shouldn't live with the family. The latter was the less profitable of the deals for the attic of the

Richmond manse was the only place available for the young entrepreneur to sleep. He recalls, "There were plenty of mornings when I woke up with snow on my rear."

No snow seeps into the sumptuous suite overlooking Central Park which now is hearth and home to Robbins.

As a matter of fact, the contrast between past and present is one of Robbins' pet themes. His staff of song pluggers hear at least four times weekly just how soft their jobs are today compared to the old days when Robbins was a plugger. There is truth to his contention. Song pluggers today (who prefer to be called "contact" men though no one ever does), average up to 150 dollars weekly, plus expenses, for selling their musical products to orchestra leaders and singers, and transact their business in the tony surroundings of night clubs, hotel supper rooms and radio stations.

On one occasion in the "old days" when Robbins was denied entrance backstage to a New York vaudeville theatre, he had cards printed announcing him as a tailor and, thus admitted, snared the plug he was after.

Together with a songwriter named Abe Olman, he once toured the nation's movie house, saloon, night club, and beer garden circuit to sell an Olman song titled *Oh Johnny Oh* to the American public. Bonnie Baker and Orrin Tucker dusted it off some 20 years later and found it was still dear to the American heart.

Came 1917, and Jack went into the Army but the war ended before he saw service abroad and he returned

once more to the Richmond music fold. By 1927 he had broken away from his uncle's firm, in which he then had an interest, and launched the Robbins Music Corporation. While he naturally published popular songs, Jack's first and undying love were the folios of piano music he published for musicians who furnished the melodic backgrounds for silent movies. Any profits made on orthodox song hits were immediately dissipated on these "hurry-music" folios ("suitable for accompanying fires, chases, fights, etc.") and "love-music" books ("suitable for either tender or ardent embraces, etc.") Robbins believed that by publishing such material he could some day get contracts from film studios to publish their picture music.

The year 1929 saw his first bonanza in this field.

Metro-Goldwyn-Maver bought an interest in Robbins' music for 75 thousand dollars, and within 12 months

*It goes without saying that any material on Tin Pan Alley with a Daniel Richman by-line is authentic. This insider of the down-beat world has been music editor of Billboard, the theatrical trade weekly, and now writes as commentator-columnist on popular music for the New York Post. During a brief venture into the composing field, he penned music and lyrics for several off-Broadway musical revues and radio shows. As a writer about rather than of music, however, he finds himself eating more regularly. His personal record library embraces some 4,200 disks.*



Jack showed them a profit that equaled their investment. Partly responsible was the musical score for one of the first big "talkie" hits, MGM's *Broadway Melody*, with its outstanding *You Were Meant For Me* ballad. It was the beginning of a publishing empire for which Broadcast Music, Inc., the BMI of the famous ASCAP-BMI radio battle, was one day to offer a cool four and a half million dollars, an offer which was not accepted.

Before the last war Robbins had applied for a song-plugging job at Leo Feist, Inc., which didn't hire him. Twenty-one years later he bought the firm for 450 thousand dollars.

The third company of his "Big Three" was Miller Music, acquired from Charles Miller in 1937. Miller Music had for its co-partner the late Secretary of the Treasury, William Woodin, who had sunk 300 thousand dollars into Miller Music to indulge his song-writing hobby.

Jack Robbins, it is said, has financially helped more big-name orchestra leaders reach high estate than any other person in the trade. As far back as 1924, when future top maestri like Benny Goodman and the Dorsey brothers were playing in radio studio bands, Robbins was publishing folios of their "hot" instrumental work and giving these embryo leaders large advances which went a long way toward stocking skimpy food larders.

For instance, when Glenn Miller was about to open at a famous casino he suddenly realized he couldn't continue unless he had 1,500 dollars to meet his payroll. Robbins, for whom

Glenn was signed as a writer, gave him the money as a first royalty on an untitled, unfinished melody which Miller had vaguely been using as a warming-up trombone exercise, and incidentally as a theme song. That number became the famous *Moonlight Serenade*, so christened when Robbins heard it was to be recorded on the back of the number *Sunrise Serenade*.

SINCE 1940, Robbins has been one of the most rabid champions of Latin-American music in the United States, an inclination which led a Broadway columnist to crack that "it cost Jack Robbins 50 thousand dollars to learn to rumba." The quip bothered Robbins, but fact remains that he has spent a good deal of money acquiring his 250 Latin copyrights. He made his first trip to Cuba two years ago, strictly in search of rest, not business. Before he left he had opened an office in Havana and signed 40 Cuban tune-smiths to contracts. All because he happened to hear a baritone sing a Cuban melody at the famed Nacional Theatre in Havana and was instantly smitten by the pulsating rhythm of genuine south-of-the-border music.

The rumba is his only form of relaxation. He has never seen a baseball game or played golf. He falls asleep in the theatre, and has snored his way through some of his own best scores. Whereas he once haunted the swing spots dotting 52nd Street, New York's jazz alley, he now frequents the town's best Latin night clubs.

Long since bored by the several-hundred-thousand-copy song hits that

lesser publishers dream about, his principal publishing interest now lies in his educational music department. In 1940, piqued at the slow sale of his song books designed for use in schools, he investigated this field at one of the regional conventions of the Music Educators' National Conference, the gathering place for music teachers and students.

When he saw the number of school bands present and realized that there were probably three times as many brass bands as dance bands in the country, he, as he graphically puts it, "nearly went out of my mind."

The following year he stole the show at the national conference in Milwaukee with his colorful title pages and his new, modern line of choral and brass band music. Particularly attracted to his innovations were Dr. Joseph E. Maddy, founder of the famed National Music Camp at Interlochen, Michigan, and Dr. W. Otto Miessner, music head at the University of Kansas.

Before the convention was over Robbins had signed the Doctors Maddy and Miessner to assist him in compiling a book of America's most popular and singable song favorites, designed to educate school children to music in a way they could understand and enjoy. The result, a handsome folio of half a hundred melodies titled *The American Song Book*, which is now fast becoming a staple in grammar and high school music courses.

Robbins' theories about luring youngsters to music has paid handsome dividends. During the ASCAP-BMI



radio struggle, when other publishers were forced into red-ink business returns by not having radio to plug songs, Robbins Music showed a 43 per cent gross sales increase due to his school song folios, school choral arrangements and brass band numbers.

Robbins' interest in child music study also takes the form of instruction books for every conceivable type of musical instrument.

There's a Jimmy Dorsey sax book, a Gene Krupa drum book, a Joe Venuti violin tome, a Harry James trumpet volume, and so on. Jack contends that, despite their aura of jazz, they are extremely valuable to kids seeking a classical music education, since American music more and more is being heard on concert stages.

All these angles of his business, aside from regulation song hits, have made Jack Robbins one of the wealthiest men in the history of American popular music. He estimates it costs him 25 thousand dollars and four weeks of time and effort to find out if just one song has even sales possibilities. His annual royalty statements to songwriters run into six figures. But he himself is on a daily allowance from his wife. She puts a variable amount of money into his wallet each morning. He never knows how much until the first time during the day he has occasion to pay for something.

People are amazed at this. But Jack Robbins just shrugs casually. "I wouldn't have a quarter if it weren't that way," he says.

### ***Coffee By 18 Other Names***

**I**N THE FOLLOWING paragraph are 18 slang equivalents for that aromatic rarity—a cup of coffee. These crazy phrases, which once could have produced two or even three steaming cups of that favorite beverage as they were

sung down the line, will be easy for those who occasionally drop in at an all-night stand for "sinkers and suds."\* Try to find all 18 before turning to the answers on page 175.

*\*Coffee and doughnuts.*

It was midnight, and the smoke of Pittsburgh hung low to form a natural blackout from any danger above. For a moment I stood watching the rivers as they joined with their cargoes of mud and rumbled on down to the flowing Mississippi. The sky above and the water below merged into a mug of murk. None of the black and white of city lights against night sky could be seen, and it was depressing. Spirits low and getting lower, I decided to perk myself up with a belly warmer, so although it meant to leg off one, I headed for the Java Inn.

There stood Joe behind the bar, trying to pacify his only customer, an old tar who was shouting for bootleg. "Lad, I don't carry none," cried the harassed bartender. "Try a Brazilian cocktail, or some Jamoka rum."

The sailor finally agreed and asked me to join him. I did, for two in a bar is far better than one in the dark.



## Not of Our Species

• • • In the wake of a "howling chinook," one of the most freakish, destructive gales to sweep the Denver area in 50 years, came the story of heroism on the part of a horse in saving its teammate and protecting its master against loss.

George Knorr, who lived on the outskirts of the city, owned a team of horses which he corraled near a reservoir. All during the night of the storm, the winds shrieked across the open spaces, driving everything relentlessly before them. The two horses were driven by the gale onto the ice-covered reservoir.

The ice cracked, then gave way completely several yards from shore, leaving one of the animals floundering helplessly in the icy water.

Knorr, roused by the neighing of the drowning horse, ran from the house to find the other horse in the shallow water, thrashing at the ice with its hoofs, thus breaking a pathway to its trapped teammate. The horse in deep water then swam and waded its way to shore, unassisted.

—*Sergeant Don Peach*  
*Camp Luna, New Mexico*

• • • The seagulls who nest near Seaside Park in Bridgeport, Connecticut are pretty shrewd birds.

When the tide goes out in Long Island Sound, they dig mussels out of

the sand, carry them in their beaks, soar over the nearest boulevard and drop them on the concrete road below. Then they swoop down on the shellfish, cracked open by the impact on the road, and eat them.

When we first watched the birds, we couldn't imagine what they were up to. Now we recognize in them a sagacity almost human.

—*Sid L. Golde*  
*Bridgeport, Connecticut*

• • • Back in 1928 my young sons had a kitten and a Plymouth Rock hen for pets. This curious pair shared the same box for a bed.

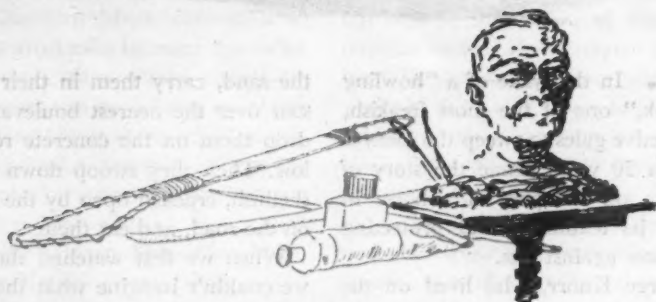
The older boy attended school and each morning about seven the hen and kitten would come to the back door and peck and meow respectively until I let them in.

As soon as the alarm sounded and my boy appeared, they trotted back to the door to be let out. When my son started off for school they followed him to the end of the block, marching in single file.

This odd procession could be seen marching down the street on any school day. On Saturdays and Sundays the animals simply sat on the porch and waited for the boys to come out and play.

—*Mrs. M. W. Ingraham*  
*Oakland, California*

*In cases which stump the plastic surgeons,  
this sculptor patches up human beings  
and returns them to useful lives in society*



## **The Man Who Saves Faces**

by PAUL F. HEALY

IT WAS APRIL, 1924. The afternoon was warm and sunny but the young man walked only in the shadows of big buildings, the collar of his overcoat turned up to shield his mouth.

When passersby glanced curiously at him, one hand automatically reached for his soft felt hat and pulled it farther down over his face. He turned into the foyer of a skyscraper, took the elevator to the sixth floor and entered a door inscribed: CLYDE A. GARDNER, SCULPTOR.

Gardner, a small, alert-looking man, was seated at a desk. To the young man's relief, the sculptor betrayed no surprise or aversion when he turned down the collar of his coat and took off his hat. Instead, he merely motioned to a chair, then looked at his visitor with kind interest.

"Who recommended me?" he asked.

The young man took out a pencil and pad and wrote the name of a well

known surgeon. Gardner nodded.

"How did it happen?" he inquired.

A flicker of pain shadowed the visitor's face. He paused momentarily, then began to write again, rapidly:

"It was in France, late in 1918, when we counterattacked in Cantigny woods. A shell fragment struck my face and shattered my lower jaw. When I awoke in the hospital, I discovered the lower third of my face was gone, including the jawbone, tongue, chin and lower lip. Hopefully I waited for death, but it never came. Instead they fed me liquids and tried to keep me alive. Then a plastic surgeon examined me and later grafted flesh from my upper lip to my neck. I guess it was the best thing that could be done—but once I had seen that fan of rough scars in the mirror I never looked again.

"So I lived and returned to the United States. Fear really got me

then. I tried to figure out what was expected of a guy other people couldn't bear to look at. So I stayed in my lodgings, eating my meals there, venturing out only after dark. I had parents and a brother and sister in the south but I didn't go near them, preferring to let them think I was dead. Before I enlisted I had a good job in the lumber business, but I couldn't go back like this.

"My money's nearly all gone now. I scraped along for six years but I'm beginning to get desperate. If you can't help me, I don't know what I'll do . . ."

The little sculptor, the man who literally makes faces, could and did help the man. Within three weeks he had made the veteran a complete new lower face. The jaw was a piece of aluminum to which was fashioned a lower lip and chin made of rubber. The entire apparatus, which was fastened to the face with invisible adhesive, could be removed at will, and was the exact color and texture of the man's face. Only from a distance of less than two feet could one detect the

difference between the real and substitute features.

Subsequently, the war veteran returned to his lumber business, regained assurance and was again able to go about in public like a normal person. True, he was still unable to speak. But thanks to Gardner, the man today is happy and moderately prosperous.

The making of a rubber jaw is known as artificial prosthesis (addition of an artificial part to supply a defect of the body) as distinguished from surgical prosthesis, which is performed only by a doctor. It was only one of hundreds of prosthetic aids the sculptor has fashioned for damaged human beings in the past 30 years. In almost every instance, clients have come to him in desperation—some on the verge of suicide. Either through the ravages of diseases or as the result of an accident, they were minus a part of the face or, in a few cases, a part of the body. For each of them, Gardner fashioned a detachable rubber facsimile of the missing member.

He emphasizes strongly, in explaining his work, that his role differs from that of a plastic surgeon. Gardner is a sculptor, not a doctor. His work begins only when his client can in no way be helped by surgery. He merely fashions substitute ears, noses, mouths and jaws in rubber, but with such life-like coloring and perfect modeling scarcely anyone, except upon close scrutiny, notices any artificiality.

While his talent for custom tailoring parts of the human body is unique, it is only one of his many accomplishments as an imitator. Since he cut

*Most newspapermen, we find, harbor some topic they'd like to expand upon in a style not so terse or hurried as a daily paper's must be. Paul F. Healy is one of these. Born a Chicagoan, he was educated at Chicago's Loyola University, and now earns a livelihood reporting for the Chicago Tribune. This profile of Clyde A. Gardner is the first topic Healy has expanded for a national magazine.*



his first head out of sandstone with a homemade chisel 57 years ago (he is now 65), Gardner has fashioned everything from a life-size synthetic elephant made of rice straw paper and rice flour paste to a musk ox group for the Museum of Natural Science in Philadelphia. In this he reproduced not only the animals, but a backdrop of tundra, wind-whipped willow, and a few granite boulders made of a dextrine composition and paper, so real looking that they completely hoodwinked even a famous geologist.

Ten years in Hollywood gave him wide leeway for his talents. In that simulator's utopia he made masks, designed sets, and staged miniature catastrophes, such as rail disasters and dam breaks—all in addition to his modeling work. For his cleverness at duplication, Cecil B. DeMille once introduced him to a friend as "the world's greatest faker."

In appearance, Clyde Gardner might pass for the pharmacist at your corner drug store. He's short, a trifle paunchy, with a scrubby white mustache and eyes that twinkle warmly through rimless spectacles. His hands are as you'd expect those of a sculptor to be—shapely and strong.

As a matter of fact, his artificial prosthesis work is only a sideline to his main career as a scientific or ethnic sculptor—one who produces scientifically exact reproductions based on detailed data. He fashions masks for the living and the dead, makes plastic copies of operations or mutilations for use as evidence in law courts, and supplies material for moulage work by



the police, instructing students in the technique of reproducing a jimmy mark on the window sill, an auto track in the mud, and similar clues.

Though many of Gardner's prosthetic cases are the handiwork of wars and accidents, he ranks syphilis and cancer equally high as causes of disfigurement. One reason Gardner is consulted so often by syphilitics is that skin despoiled by that disease does not readily respond to plastic surgery. In the case of cancer, the malignancy may keep growing undetected beneath flesh transplanted by a plastic surgeon. For this reason Memorial Hospital in New York, the world's largest cancer hospital, rather than use plastic surgery, has outfitted many of its patients with noses, chins, and eye sockets of rubber made by Dr. Andrew J. Ackerman, a staff member.

An electrical engineer, whose nose was literally eaten away by cancer, once called upon Gardner for help.

"His appearance would have shocked most persons," Gardner recalls. "Gauze covered the cavity

where his nose should have been. I can still see him: a big, husky fellow, haggard and defeated looking."

Yet within a few weeks, the engineer had a better looking nose than the one bestowed upon him by nature. And before long, he resumed work at his profession.

Gardner's clients have been disfigured in a disconcerting number of ways. One man's ear was chewed off by a cow. Another destroyed most of his face with a discharge from his own shotgun. There was the man who appeared minus the entire left side of his face, the upper and lower jaw bone, and the eye and the orbit of the eye. The cast tailored for him included even a glass eye and rubber eyelids.

"He wore tinted spectacles and no one knew the difference," the sculptor says. "In fact, he even looked a bit glamorous."

To be a tailor of human parts, says Gardner, requires a feeling for form, such as that developed by a sculptor, and the ability to simulate flesh and the color of flesh—soft in some portions and stiff and cartilage-like in others. Dentists have become leaders in this new field because their profession requires that they be experts in the anatomy of the mouth and face.

To make a nose, for example, Gardner goes through these major steps: (1) With a hydro-colloid compound he makes a mold of the face as it is. (2) From the mold he makes a wax cast, giving him a duplicate of the face as it is. (3) Upon the cast he models a nose as it should look, being particularly careful that the texture

of the nose matches the surrounding skin. (4) From this, still another mold is constructed of hard, tough cements used in dentistry. (5) In this mold successive layers of latex or liquid rubber are built up—each layer compounded with color so that the final product resembles a real nose. (6) An adhesive of spirit gum is used to attach the nose to the face, thus permitting it to be removed and attached at will.

"My tools? Just the usual modeling tools plus an air brush for spraying and 10 sensitive fingers," Gardner explains. "I have no difficulty getting rubber because I use it in such tiny quantities."

MR. GARDNER acquired a reputation as a sculptor some seven years after his birth in Marcellus, Michigan. It was the day a load of sandstone was delivered to the town and the boy, after fashioning a chisel from nails, began experiments in bas-relief. He taught himself until after his high school graduation, when he enrolled in the Chicago Art Institute to study under the famous Lorado Taft, who affectionately dubbed him "my little Michelangelo."

In 1905 he became an ethnic sculptor for the Field Museum in Chicago and a few years later was introduced to prosthesis when a mortician requested that he "model up" the face of a corpse disfigured in an accident. Next thing he knew "somebody wanted him to make a nose."

"That was my first nose," he laughs. "I constructed it by putting wax in a



thin layer of copper by the electroplating process. Then I enameled the outside to simulate flesh. Next I soldered it to the man's spectacles, so that when he took off his glasses, he also removed his nose."

In 1914 he left the museum, after attracting attention for his work in modeling heads and reproducing ethnic groups. (The museum still issues pamphlets on his Philippine forge group.) He then migrated to Hollywood where he evolved the process of developing a face or a portion of a face in rubber for film purposes. He made the masks for the *Four Horseman of the Apocalypse*, modeled eight-inch dinosaurs for *Last World* and pioneered in make-up and art direction.

As one of the leading artists who

helped stage the Century of Progress Exposition in Chicago, he created the Texas salt dome model and miniatures of the Pennsylvania and California oil fields.

Today, more and more, Clyde Gardner's life is converging about one idea—to further the making of prosthetic aids. He has an eye cocked on the Army and Navy Medical Corps, which are interested in developing any technique which can reduce wartime disfigurement.

Apparently his idea is a sound one. For already plans are afoot for establishing a school at Columbia University, where personnel will be trained in this new art of repairing human beings and returning them to useful roles in society.

### Spies Have Trade Secrets

GERMANY has been known to equip its spies with vials of cyanide plus strict orders to swallow the lethal dose if they get into trouble. By contrast, America's secret agents, have often been given four-ounce flagons of olive oil. Suppose, for example, an agent worms his way into enemy territory and settles down to an evening of steady drinking with the foe. First he gulps the oil which coats his stomach and insulates his system against too high spirits. Then he can drink the enemy under the table, remaining cold sober himself.

There is also the "pipe of inno-



cence," an ordinary looking smoking pipe with a small compartment in the bottom of the bowl. The agent caught with small but incriminating pieces of paper wads them into the compartment. A simple twist of the stem opens the secret chamber, and tobacco, paper, and state secrets go up in smoke.

Spies have been caught with invisible ink in tooth paste tubes, with messages beneath the polish on their fingernails, with tiny papers concealed in the hollow tips of shoelaces, and in one case, with a message in a hollow tooth.

—HOWARD WHITMAN



## *Gallery of Photographs*

### ***Contributors to This Issue:***

S. GIDAL	W. H. BILLINGS
MAURINE	YELA
SCHALL	VIVIAN RODVOGIN
WHITING-FELLOWS	PIERRE ADAM
ELIZABETH HIBBS	D. R. D. WADIA
ROY PINNEY	HELENE MAYWALD
AL WESTELIN	FRANZ BERKÓ
ANTHONY RAGUSIN	JOHN KABEL
GORE	KARL OBERT
NORA DUMAS	





**Aide-de-camp**

**MAURINE FROM PUEBLO**

**Li**



**Listening Posts**

WHITING-FELLOWS

PUBL



SCHALL FROM PIX

*Somewhere in France* ELIZA



ance ELIZABETH HIBBS, NEW YORK

*Anchors Aweigh*



**Hail, Columbia!**

ROY PINNEY FROM FINAL W





FROM FINAL WESTLIN, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

*Wistful Vista*



**Homing Oysterman**

ANTHONY RAGUSIN, BILOXI, MISSISSIPPI



MISSISSIPPI RIVER FROM MONKMEYER

*Lady of the Levee*



***Innocence Abroad***

W. H. BILLINGS, DETROIT, MICHIGAN



CHICAGO, ILL., NEW YORK

**Howling Dervish**



***Crinkle-nose***

VIVIAN RODVOGIN FROM NANCY HULBERT





Y HULPIERRE ADAM, PARIS

**Nightsap**



**White Heat**

**D. R. D. WADIA, BOMBAY, INDIA**



Y, INDIANELENE MAYWALD FROM TERIADE

*They Walk in Beauty*



**Man of the Soil**

NORA DUMAS, PARIS, H.





*Ancient Mariner*

FRANZ BERKÓ, BOMBAY, INDIA





, INDI

*Boundary of a Day* JOHN KABEL, DAYTON, OHIO

DETROIT, MICHIGAN



## Life with Horace

by SANTA ADAMS



MY DAUGHTER BETSY was four years old when she introduced Horace to me. She appeared at the kitchen door one morning, lured by the fragrance of hot gingerbread.

"Give me one for Horace, too," Betsy said—and added matter-of-factly, "This is Horace."

I saw no other child. Perhaps Horace had slipped around the corner of the house. I recall being glad that another child had moved into the neighborhood, for Betsy had been lonely since Jane, her sister, had started school.

From that day on Betsy was lonely no longer.

"We shoveled off the back walk—see how nice it looks?" Or, "Come and see the snow man we made."

"Who helped you?"

"Why, Horace did."

After a few days it seemed odd I had not yet seen Horace, so I asked where he lived.

"I don't know," Betsy said. "He comes to my house to play."

A few days later something happened which brought partial enlightenment, and disquietude as well. I took Betsy to the city with me, and as we walked to the railroad station, she kept lagging behind and looking over her shoulder. I thought little of it until the train pulled in and Betsy flatly refused to get aboard. "No, no, no! We have to wait for Horace. He

isn't here yet!" No amount of coaxing quieted her screams. Then suddenly she was calm, and a cherubic smile overspread her tear-stained face.

"Here's Horace," she announced, and bounded toward the train steps.

I looked all around. There was no one on the platform but the conductor, Betsy and myself.

In the train I sat squeezed into the green plush seat with Betsy huddled tightly against me, and a good third of the seat—the desirable part next to the window—allocated to Horace. She kept beaming in Horace's direction and once turned to me to whisper,

"Isn't Horace pretty?"

"Oh, yes, indeed," I said, with some effort. "What lovely yellow curls he has!"

She looked at me with amazement. "Why, Horace's hair is black, and he hasn't any curls!"

That evening I told my husband about Horace. It was nothing to worry about, he said, but suggested we send her to nursery school.

Betsy loved nursery school, it's true, but Horace lived on. When she got home at one o'clock she could hardly wait to get out her toys, and her eager, happy face was not that of a child playing alone.

Jane was as puzzled as I. "Mum-mie, can you see Horace?" she asked.

"Why, no, Jane."

"Betsy does. She says he's nicer

than other boys and prettier. He wears velvet suits with lace ruffles on them, and his hair is long like a girl's. Mum-mie, I wish Horace would go away."

But Horace remained. Betsy would not mention him for days at a time, then she would speak of him, or I would see that rapt look of adoration on her face as she played. I developed a reluctant admiration for Horace. He disliked whining and crying, quarreling and naughty words. He liked little girls who minded their mothers, drank their milk, and went to bed when they were told. Betsy had always been a tractable child, but Jane was often stubborn.

"Don't, Jane," Betsy would whisper in an agony of embarrassment. "Horace thinks you're terrible."

WHEN BETSY was eight, Horace began to give us Christmas and birthday gifts. Betsy bought them, but they were from Horace. He went shopping with her and picked them out, Betsy said. The first time this happened, my husband bought a large box of candy, gravely inscribed the card, "Merry Christmas to Horace, from Betsy's Daddy." Betsy was delighted. She unwrapped the box and passed the candy around.

"But doesn't Horace want his own candy?" Jane asked.

"Oh, Horace will eat all he wants, too," Betsy assured her. "But he wants us to help him. Horace is very generous." Horace, it appeared, had absolutely no faults.

Thereafter, Horace always received gifts from us at Christmas, and I

filled an Easter basket for him, as I did for each of my own children. After a time we learned that Horace's birthday was August 25th, and thereafter Jane and I gave him presents on his natal day.

Horace was ever interested in the smallest detail of our family life.

"Horace likes the way you wear your hair now, mother." "Horace says you are a wonderful cook." "Don't be lonesome while we're at the party, mother. Horace says he will be glad to stay with you."

No doubt it was because Betsy was so down-to-earth about it that the situation gradually became plausible. I often felt that I was not alone, though my children had gone out of the house. I'd laugh at myself; nevertheless there persisted that sense of a friendly presence close by.

After Betsy was in high school she did not talk of Horace. When Jane tried to discuss him, Betsy would quickly change the subject. She continued to buy presents for us from Horace, and we continued to celebrate his birthday with cake and ice cream and gifts. At Christmas we gave him presents.

But he came back only once. It happened in a camera store. The moment we stepped inside, Betsy exclaimed aloud. Her eyes, wide with surprise, were fixed on the clerk, a young, serious-looking young man with nice dark eyes and a shock of straight, black hair.

Later I asked Betsy if she knew him.

"No," she said. "Just at first, I thought it was Horace. Of course, I

knew he couldn't be—in clothes like that, and working in a store . . .”

Well, that's all I know about Horace. I often wondered if he had been a young man all the time. Or perhaps he grew up with Betsy, as the years passed. . . . For Betsy, Horace has

been replaced by a likeable young chap, whom we can all see, named John. John has curly yellow hair. . . .

But I am fond of Horace. He is one of my family. Perhaps when the girls are married and gone, Horace will stay on with me.



THE DIFFERENCE between a lieutenant and a sergeant was explained by a young American airman in this way: “My lieutenant has bars on his shoulder; my sergeant has a chip.”

AN INFANTRY PRIVATE beseeched his lieutenant for three-day leave. Asked for a reason, he explained that his wife had just been made a sergeant in the WAACs. “That’s very fine,” commented the lieutenant, “but why should that get a three-day leave for you?” “Lieutenant,” the doughboy answered earnestly, “I want to do something that every private has dreamed of doing for the past hundred years.” —BOTH FROM BENNETT A. CERF’s *Pocket Book of War Humor* (Pocket Books, Inc.)

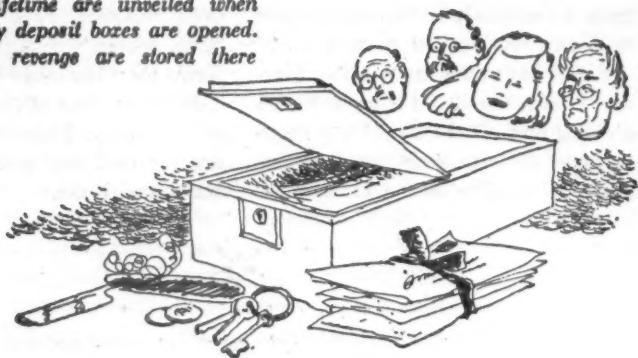
SOME YEARS AGO Albert Einstein was sitting for his portrait in Berlin. His companion during one of the sessions was a solemn, tortoise-like man who listened in silence as the great physicist animatedly put forth tentative theories and expounded new ideas. From time to time the visitor would shake his heavy head and Einstein, watching him, would pause, reflect and then start another train of thought. When the sitting was over, Einstein explained to the artist the presence of his silent guest.

“He is my mathematician,” revealed the physicist. “He examines the problems I put before him and checks their validity. You see, I myself am not a very good mathematician!”

AFTER TWO HARROWING WEEKS on a raft, four shipwrecked sailors were finally cast up on land, only to find it desolate and seemingly uninhabited. They dragged themselves for miles inland with still no sign of life, until suddenly the one in the lead shouted a weak hurrah. There ahead was a gibbet with a man hanging on it.

“Praise God!” cried the others at the sight, “we’ve reached civilization at last!”

*Secrets of a lifetime are unveiled when  
unclaimed safety deposit boxes are opened.  
Love, romance, revenge are stored there*



## ***There's Safety in Boxes***

by GRETTA PALMER

**I**F YOU LOSE your safety deposit key, you may find yourself involved in a web of elaborate operations. Notaries will be called, witnesses produced. The lock of your box will be changed. And the old one destroyed—all with the pomp appropriate for a cathedral wedding.

Why are bankers so solemn about a simple lost key?

The answer is not that bankers are crotchety bureaucrats. They have reasons for some of their seemingly absurd rulings. Reasons supplied by us—the public—in our gamut of moods. The bankers are merely trying to save us from our own folly.

Consider, for example, how malice operates when a banker is not right on his toes. An attractive woman, a depositor for years, sashayed up to the cashier in an uptown branch of one of New York's largest banks.

"You'll think it awfully silly of me," she lisped, "but I'm supersti-

tious. I want to take out a safety deposit box and I want Number 351. That's *always* been my lucky number."

Smiling at the whimsicality of the fair sex, the cashier rented Box 351 to her. Six months later, her former husband let out a horrible howl. She had rented the space just above his cubicle. In her box she had placed an open bottle of a highly penetrating acid. This chemical had eaten its way through several layers of steel and into some valuable stock certificates belonging to her ex-mate.

That incident, plus many others, has taught the bankers a lesson. Now they will not allow depositors to choose the location of their boxes. Most banks are also exacting about a stranger's references, before they will rent him a safety deposit box.

Not all of them check the references completely, however. This is indicated by the circular letters frequently sent out by law firms to banks asking:



"Have you a box in the name of Jane G. Doe or of Jane Glover Doe or of Jane Doe?" Often a wife hires a safety deposit box without her husband's knowledge. Sometimes she takes it under an alias or under her maiden name. Then when the lady dies and an unidentified safe deposit key turns up, the lawyers immediately send out an sos for help.

What do wives keep in these secretive boxes? Jewelry, occasionally, which they have been given by gentlemen other than their lawful spouses. Or gambling winnings, or a little inheritance from Aunt Minnie, or romantic secrets. Regularly every few years a bank goes out of business. Soon after, the state banking authorities are unable to reach some box-holders by mail, newspaper advertisements or any other means. Then—in the presence of witnesses—the unclaimed boxes are opened in the hope that their contents will provide a clue to the owner. Sometimes banks also are given permission to open boxes on which no one has paid rent for 10 or 15 years.

A large New York bank recently opened an unclaimed box and found 10 thousand dollars in cash. Bank detectives finally found the George Smith who had taken out the box 10 years earlier. While suffering an attack of amnesia, he had rented the box under the fictitious name of Smith.

Recently the Liquidation Bureau of the New York State Banking Department opened five hundred or more unclaimed boxes from two defunct institutions. Tucked away for

safety—against fire, theft and flood, the gentlemen found a 32-caliber revolver, a search warrant, a bunch of white, yellow and brown feathers and a small satchel containing a thousand keys. They also found a bundle of letters, telegrams and photos lying beside a bottle of knockout-drops. One box held a hypodermic needle. Still another, an opium pipe.

A few years ago a similar sale was held in Chicago. It brought to light the usual loot of old keys, love letters, locks of hair and foreign coins. There was also a bundle of American paper currency in the denominations of 10, 25 and 50 cents—issued about the time of the Civil War. And among the treasures unearthed in boxes were a knitting needle, a fox fur and a straight razor.

TODAY THERE is a safety deposit box boom. Much of this business is done by European refugees, who have brought all their valuables to America. There is twice as much currency in circulation today as there was a few years ago. Most bankers know that much of it is in their rented vaults. Many depositors confusedly reason that cash represents security during periods marked by great financial uncertainty.

"Old ladies, in particular, are hoarding cash," according to one banker in a section of New York where practically all the depositors live on inherited income. Bankers are not supposed to offer advice unasked. So they do not explain to these happy old ladies that if a national calamity

made the banks so unsafe that their money on deposit was valueless, it would be as valueless as currency.

Indeed, the fiscal ignorance of the public is something that never ceases to astonish bankers.

Recently a European refugee brought his box to the cashier's desk, showed him the piles of shiny new currency it contained, and expectantly said, "And now, sir, what interest will you pay me on the money I

keep in your safe deposit vaults?"

Thus, in future confabs, if the banker does any one of a number of things which seem autocratic and plain silly, remember the ex-wife and her bottle of acid. When he refuses to let you open your wife's safety deposit box, remember it's for your mutual benefit.

Remember that the banker sees humanity at its least noble. And certainly at its crotchetiest. So forgive him his red tape!



### **"Keep 'Em Frying"**

¶An army mobile kitchen unit passed out free donuts along the route of a practice march. Local housewives were enthusiastic; pressed the reluctant captain in charge for the recipe for "those lovely fluffy donuts." Blushing and stammering the captain backed away, but was finally persuaded to hand it over: "300 pounds flour, 300 pounds sugar, 980 eggs, 15 gallons cooking oil, necessary seasoning."

¶That great ponderable, whence came the hole in the donut, has inspired countless theories. But there's something highly original and appealing in the one tracking it back to an Indian's arrow which missed a Pilgrim cook and pierced instead the flat cake she was making. The stoic and thrifty qualities which would cause her to proceed unperturbed, using the damaged dough, give the donut its most heroic birth.

¶With typical American organization the hole in the donut has been standardized at seven-eighths of an inch in diameter. A Pennsylvania Dip and Dunk Shop sells the holes at one-half cent each.

¶A pre-dunked donut has been recently invented. Rolled in coffee-flavored sugar, it might be scorned by the old-time dunker, but its day may dawn before the end of this ration era.

¶Donut dunking has more than a million organized devotees who belong to the National Dunking Association. They claim that it takes two and a half seconds to turn out a perfectly dunked donut. Through the influence of these enthusiasts, some etiquette authorities have approved the art of dunking.



## *Portfolio of Personalities*

### ***Men Behind the Circus***

**A**LTHOUGH the pipeline through which most of the nation's entertainment flows to the masses today is one of celluloid, neither time nor custom has withered the infinite appeal of the circus for Americans.

Ringling Brothers-Barnum and Bailey, which now holds forth under one big top, is enjoying the best bumper season in its entire history. Naturally the war made inroads on this kingdom of rolling red wagons. Hundreds of troopers have joined the armed services. Performers help beat the labor shortage by falling to and loading the show after a hard day's work in the ring. The government has deemed the circus one of the country's best "morale-boosters" and granted it transportation, but the circus' special train frequently is held up for hours while more vital war traffic rolls by.

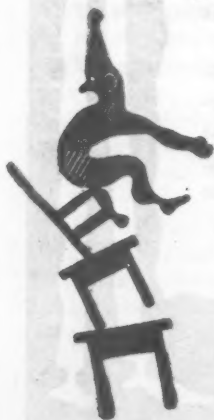
But because "Big Bertha" has always been a fighting institution, canny in ways of conquering time, space, and weather, the job of gearing the world of sawdust and spangles from a peace to wartime basis has been relatively simple.

The people who keep this fabulous little world rolling from town to town aren't ballyhooed by side-show spielers. Yet these men and women behind those on the billboards make good Barnum's boast that his would always be the Biggest, the Greatest, the Most Stupendous Show on Earth.

## Fred De Wolfe

Pay-as-you-go had been a fundamental doctrine to Fred De Wolfe, Circus Treasurer and Lord of the Ticket Booths, long before tax experts got excited about it. He's further credited with being the first penny-watcher to peruse a press agent's expense account and quip "I never saw so many synonyms for whiskey in my life."

Each year since he connected with the old Forespaugh-Sells show in Columbus, Ohio, he's added a wealth of new anecdotes to his story of Financial Peril among Circus Folk. Years ago in Minnesota, a bumper matinee crowd spurred him into erecting extra bleachers for the night performance. At 7:30 not a paying customer was to be seen. Ten minutes later a small boy wheeled up on his bicycle, glanced briefly at the tents and pedaled away. It was a total attendance "blackout" and there was no ostensible reason for it other than that everyone in the countryside had seen the afternoon show. It was enough to break the heart of any man of finance, except De Wolfe's.



After the San Francisco earthquake, he had difficulty in finding grounds on which to pitch the canvas city. At last a semi-satisfactory lot was located, but the grandstand had to be erected over a small shack that



squatted thereon. As a part of the bargain, the family which lived in it had to be fed by the circus during its entire engagement.

Virtually all of the circus' financial transactions are conducted in the brief span of an hour each afternoon and an hour each evening when the queues form outside the window of De Wolfe's red ticket wagon, located always in the middle of the midway.

Its stationary quality almost drove the office's pet canine to distraction. Each morning he'd bury a bone beneath the wagon, and next day return for it, never aware that the show had moved on to another town.

De Wolfe, oddly enough, has never seen a circus performance straight through. His duties always keep him on the wagon until the show's at least half over.

## Joe Donahue

Joe Donahue, an Irishman who came up the hard way via minstrels and small circuses, is the circus traffic manager who plots its tour of towns and cities (about 160 in the course of an eight-month tour) and draws up its railroad contracts.

The show moves on four trains, totaling 100 cars, and Donahue's chores are myriad—little matters like avoiding tunnels that are longer than a mile so the animals won't suffocate in their cages, and certain railroad bridges that are strong enough for ordinary freight but not for anything so heavy as a circus train. Wagons must not be built too high lest they fail to clear tunnel openings.

Railroads charge per car for the circus, so for economy's sake the big

show builds its cars much longer than ordinary flats. It costs about 1,400 dollars to move the show a distance of 100 miles.

Donahue's agents travel several weeks ahead of the circus to contract towns and investigate crop and factory conditions, conventions, and any other obstacles which might make certain cities unprofitable to a business which must take in upwards of 15 thousand dollars a day to pay its overhead.

The next largest circus in the sawdust circuit is one-third the size of Ringling-Barnum and all other shows are motorized. You can't get a really big circus on trucks; one moving on 100 trucks and trailers approximates the size of a 15-car railroad circus.

"Big Bertha" owns her own sleepers, flat cars and baggage and stock cars, but the railroad over whose tracks the show moves provides the engine and tender. In normal times the show can make a night run of 150 miles and be on time for the next town's two-o'clock matinee, but this requires good railroad cooperation and allows for no trouble en route. The show plays few cities for longer than a day.

Little towns see precisely the same performance that opens the season in Madison Square Garden, New York City. You can take money from any wise guy who'll bet you it isn't.



## Margaret Graham

Keeping the circus glamour department in good working order is the province of Margaret Graham, mistress of 1,900 individual costumes, whose domain expands a hundredfold every time John Ringling North, the Big Boss, springs a new spectacle like *Fiesta*, *Elephant Ballet* or *The Circus Salutes America*.

Mr. North, the answer to a dry-cleaner's prayers, pays a bill of something like 3,500 dollars each time the wardrobe is cleaned, which is apt to be every few weeks. A crew of three dozen dressmakers and tailors further keeps this finery in respectable states of repair.

Circus costumes on the whole are made of better stuffs than theatrical wardrobes, since they must endure 12 to 14 performances per week for at

least eight months of the year, and run the gamut of all varieties of weather. Feather costumes wilt first under such astrenuous program, reports Margaret Graham.

Her current biggest headaches, however, are the ballet skirts which the elephants sport in one Norman Bel Geddes-inspired number. The oversized ballerinas are annoyed by their finery and have mastered a trick of expanding their midriffs so that the skirts pop off quite neatly.

Years ago, Margaret Graham was a trick rider with Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. She was married outside the show business to a "fine man who was so afraid I hadn't rid myself of the circus 'fever' he never let me go to the circus by myself." She didn't return to the life of tanbark and red wagons until she was a widow, then to the wardrobe, not to the ring.

Fragile in appearance, she nonetheless is tireless in performance. Never has she been known to be too weary to do a favor for a trooper in trouble. Her sympathy reserved always for the underdog, she won't tolerate anybody who picks on a new girl or a "First of May," as circus fledglings are called.





## John Brice

A circus must protect its patrons against the elements, boredom, and pickpockets. To make it rough going for the latter is the job of Chief Officer John Brice, who has turned the showgrounds into a bankrupt business for the nimble-fingered gentry.

Last season in the hinterlands of North Carolina, Brice spotted a familiar face on the street. "Kid, it's been 25 years since I've seen you," he grinned in greeting to Kid Eckert, picker of pockets de luxe. Poise-shaken, the Kid admitted that he and his mob had planned to work in both the showgrounds and a football game that day. "We didn't know you was still with the show, Red," said the Kid mournfully "or we wouldna come."

Before he earned his bad name among thieves as "Barnum Red," Brice served as police chief in Iron-town, Ohio. First day he worked for the circus some three decades ago, he bagged nine pickpockets, and has scarcely seen one since.

Although no "dips," "wires" or "shovers" have been noted about the grounds these many years, Brice each day scrupulously makes the rounds of ticket wagons, tax boxes, or wherever else people stop, linger or are jammed into close quarters.

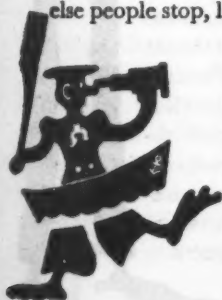
In a western town last year a man reported he'd been robbed. Brice reserved judgment on this complaint simply because it



was the lone one of the day. If a first rate pickpocket had been abroad, the complaints would have been coming in hot and heavy, he figured. Sure enough, a week later the local police chief wrote to say that the man had found his money—at home where he'd left it.

Brice's success stems from his methods, which are sound; his memory, which is uncanny; and a cheery-homespun sort of personality which deludes slickers into thinking he's anybody's fool. He remained single until just a few years ago when he married a hometown girl from Irontown.

In off-moments he's given to flights of imagination in which a wonderful mythical circus is transported from town to town by dirigible, with big top intact and a capacity crowd of paying customers.





### Bill "Cap" Curtis

In Bill Curtis' worst nightmares, he dreams that the wind is blowing a gale and there aren't enough men handy to guy out the "old rag," circusdom's name for the largest canvas structure in the world, the big top.

"Keep the old rag in the air" is the slogan circus canvas men live by, and Curtis has been living by it for 52 years. He was born in Mississippi, and true to form ran away from home as a boy to join a little show whose name is forgotten in sawdust anthology. Those were the rough and tough days when showmen frequently had to fight their way out of town, and Bill still retains a souvenir from them, a bullet lodged in one shoulder.

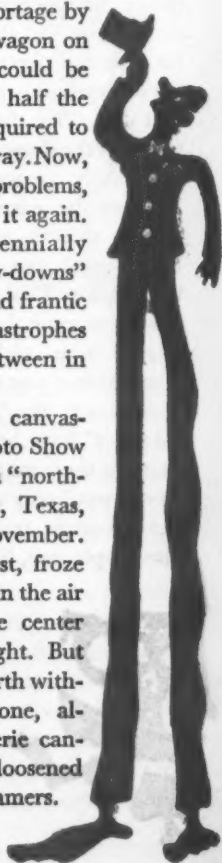
The big top weighs eight tons in

canvas alone, a weight which is tripled when it's wet. It must be equipped with 20 miles of rope and, as in the old days, is still laced together like a gigantic shirt and hoisted on 60-foot high center poles. The whole structure must be renewed yearly. Since 1939, the huge spread of canvas has been made of blue canvas to permit night electrical effects during day performances. Still vaster changes are in the offing for it when metals and other materials are again made available.

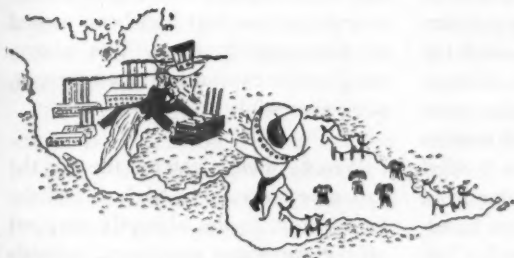
In the first World War, Curtis bested the labor shortage by inventing a spool wagon on which the canvas could be rolled by less than half the number of men required to fold it in the usual way. Now, faced with the same problems, he may have to use it again.

Canvasmen perennially live in fear of "blow-downs" with flying poles and frantic people, but such catastrophes are few and far between in circus history.

Curtis was boss canvasman of the Sells-Floto Show when it was hit by a "norther" at Fort Worth, Texas, in the middle of November. The canvas wet first, froze stiff, and while still in the air nearly snapped the center poles with its weight. But Bill got it back to earth without injury to anyone, although the menagerie canvas later had to be loosened up with sledge hammers.



*A new trend in Pan-American affairs  
is dawning—trade and industry may  
be the foundation of future good will*



## **Lend-Lease for Latins**

by FRANK HENIUS

**D**O YOU KNOW what makes good will between nations?

Is it the after-dinner speeches, sugar-coated words, traveling ambassadors, or is it a mutual economic advantage?

You can find the answer in our own good-will program with our Latin American neighbors. With a smile of friendship on our face, we've sup-  
planted the big stick of Teddy Roosevelt with the oratory of F. D. R. and the loans of Lend-Lease.

And yet, for all our million-dollar loans and our high-voltaged speeches, we've failed. *Latins just don't love us!* Why? Because we forgot that a loan "oft loses both itself and friend," and we didn't realize that a good-will policy is futile until it puts dollars in the pockets of both participants.

But now a new day is on the horizon. And we must boldly face the truth that the only appeal with ability to

make the Latins full-fledged allies in our common cause is offering them trade and profits.

I say this because a nation with a purely agrarian economy and few production aids can no longer hope to prosper in this world of commerce. The time has come when the most urgent act for continental solidarity is to industrialize Latin America by shipping it American machinery made idle or obsolete by the war.

Let me explain. Sales and profits, development of resources and employment are linked indivisibly in a nation's economy. As resources are developed in Latin America, employment rolls and income sources will rise, thus increasing the standard of living. And the higher their standard of living the better Latin-Americans will be able to participate in mutually advantageous trade with us.

Such industrialization will provide

an economic defense against the dangers of foreign economic dictatorship. With native industry the Latins could achieve the internal economic security they need to prevent a recurrence of the events that followed the declaration of the present world war.

When war came the Latin countries found that many of their sources of manufactured goods were bottled off by the embargo on shipping from Europe. America, on the other hand, discovered that its export market had been dealt a haymaker. So the American business man decided that nothing was easier than to sell Latin-Americans the goods that could not go elsewhere.

It seemed a God-given grant—until the good-will balloon was punctured in two headache-making discoveries:

(1) We found that the Latins *could not* pay for their purchases. They could buy our goods only if they were financed by loans or gifts—or had an opportunity to make goods that could be sold to us.

(2) We also found that the Latins did not have a pressing need for the goods we had been intending to ship them. What's more, we realized that the vast supplies we had made for the suddenly-extinguished European market were the same products that the Latins had been producing.

Certainly, loans provided a temporary cure but they offered no permanent solution. The good-will policy had met its first test—AND FAILED!

American firms buckled in bitterness over the Latins' inability to pay for purchases. And since they could no

longer come from Europe, imports of vitally needed goods in Latin America were reduced drastically. To meet this crisis the republics began to take over industries that had been owned by European interests. The plants, using native capital and management, were successful.

WHEN America entered the war the Japanese successes in Malaya and the Dutch East Indies abruptly snapped off the American supply of strategically important war goods. In desperation we turned to Latin America—for there in unexploited form lay the metals, minerals, oils, rubber, quinine, nitrates, mines, seashores, ranches, forests and mountains that would meet our needs.

Overnight our relationship changed. Trade balances were reversed—with the amount of goods we could send them shrinking rapidly and the amount of raw materials they could send us increasing steadily. Latin-Americans began to be partners in industry with us.

Soon after we organized industrial partnerships which permitted native capital, skill and management to participate with us on an equitable basis.

This situation is satisfactory—for the present. But the Latins can easily envisage a post-war return to their state of economic peonage. They know that our mutual relationship will crumble when they are no longer called upon to meet our demands for critical war material.

This, then, is the second major test of our good-will policy. Are we going

to realize that America will be friends with the Latins only if we help them to be economically mature? Of course the export business men who don't want any country but America to manufacture will rant and rave at this idea. Let them.

But let us be realistic and grant that native labor can be trained. Native executive and managerial staffs are available. Latin America's tremendous raw materials are crying for development. Only one thing is lacking. Machinery.

#### AMERICA HAS THAT MACHINERY NOW.

It is not machinery that can be converted to war production or wartime civilian production. It is not machinery that is so obsolete or useless that it is destined for the scrap pile.

It is machinery that is idle now because of material shortages.

Latin America has many materials that could be used in those machines. So many materials, in fact, that the United States Department of State, Department of Commerce, and the Export-Import Bank have become supporters of the plan to ship currently unusable machinery.

What kind of machinery? Present plans being considered by the administration call for tire plants, textile mills, shoe factories, chemical plants and food-processing establishments to be dismantled here and rebuilt in Latin America. Technical missions from Washington already are down in Latin America making surveys of where our unused plants can be most productive when transplanted.

The immediate effect of putting

this machinery into operation in Latin America during war will be to enable Latins to have the goods they need to assure a relatively harmonious working class. Thus, their war production FOR US will be increased.

After the war we will get further dividends. The Latins can make many of the goods we formerly imported from the Orient—and we will be able to obtain them at lower prices because of the reduced shipping costs. We will have a practical monopoly on replenishing and repairing the American-made equipment and, best of all, we will make good neighbors.

We will do this because the industrialization of Latin America will mean that it can ship with us on an equitable basis. Thus we are offering them trade and profits. And the Latins will create their own incomes.

#### THAT'S HOW GOOD WILL IS MADE.

Owners of American equipment may not want to sell their idle machinery. They may not realize that utility withers as cobwebs gather.

The transportation problem is another obstacle. The solution, however, is partly that we're now getting more from the Latins than we're sending them. That means that some boat bottoms which will be empty or partially empty in the voyage from America to Latin ports can be utilized. Or, we might send the equipment overland by completing more of the Pan-American highway.

What matters is that we can make the Latins love us—if we realize what makes good will and act on that knowledge.

*Poor food, no medical care and unqualified counsellors are only a few of the evils of profiteering camps, warns Dr. Levine*



## ***A Yardstick for Summer Camps***

by MILTON LEVINE

"THIS is the first year we are sending Johnny away to summer camp," you say to your neighbor Mrs. Collins. "It will do him so much good. Think of all the fresh air, sunshine, exercise and good wholesome food. And he'll learn so much about getting along with boys his age . . ."

You are speaking sincerely, and what you say may be true. Johnny may come home from camp with better posture, stronger muscles, more poise and a mystical ability to build bonfires by rubbing two sticks together. But he may also come home thin and nervous, perhaps actually sick, and more ill at ease with other children than ever before; he may have a hatred of summer camps, fear of the water, and any number of psychological burdens to throw off. If he does it will be your fault. You did not pick a good camp.

What do you really know about the

camp your child is attending this summer? Do you know the camp director personally—not his salesman or a "representative"? Have you visited the camp?

So long as parents assume that anything that happens to their children in the fresh air is good for them, the evils of summer camps will flourish. They have flourished so far because the growth of camping has been sudden and prodigious. Fifty years ago camps were practically unheard of. Today, there are thousands of them—and hundreds of thousands of boy and girl campers. Yet parents who would not choose a college because its buildings are covered with fine, old ivy, still pick a camp because its catalogue sports glossy paper and beautiful pictures or because a neighbor downstreet recommended it.

The root of most summer camp evil is the owner's desire to make money—



and the campers take the hindmost. Camps are money-makers, you know. The average fee of 300 dollars per child for an eight weeks season with one hundred children, gives the owner gross receipts of 30 thousand dollars. Allowing a dollar a day for each child's food (generous, since it is bought wholesale) plus salaries to 20 counsellors averaging 200 dollars (also generous)—that gives expenditures of 10 thousand dollars. So the owner (whose original investment was probably under 10 thousand dollars) nets at least 10 thousand dollars for a two or three-month period.

DON'T MISUNDERSTAND me. I believe in legitimate profits. If a retired lawyer, a bachelor who prefers beriberi to children, buys a camp as a juicy investment, that doesn't necessarily damn the camp. If he engages a well-trained director and gives him a free hand, it might still be the best place for your child this summer. But the chances are he begrudges the salary due a capable director and (to save expenses) runs the show himself.

Beware of camps which run "guest houses" for parents on camp grounds—to the tune of seven dollars per day per person. The director is capitalizing on parents' natural desire to visit

their children; he is disregarding the fact that camp is the child's opportunity to gain self-reliance by being away from his parents. Be subtle. Ask the camp director his rules about visiting before registering your child for the summer.

Numerous camps hold lengthy demonstrations for parents every Sunday—this is the old dodge of playing up parents' pride in their children. To the same end these camp directors keep enough competitions going so that at the end of the season every child must bring home at least one medal—for "cleanest bunk," "best hiker," "best swimmer," or what have you. A camp program made up of endless competitions and run off like a main-line railroad timetable hardly ever fails to make nervous wrecks out of children.

But the most dangerous practice followed by profit-minded camp owners is that of choosing counsellors either because they "have a following" and will attract campers, or because they are too young or too inexperienced to demand high wages.

I know a brilliant girl, a college graduate and graduate of a famous training school for teachers, who had specialized in child psychology and group leadership and was an ex-camper herself. Her applications were turned down repeatedly.

"We can get plenty of counsellors for nothing," was the reply. "They may not have your training but they're glad to get the vacation."

This system exploits the children as well as the counsellors. Inexperienced

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*A noted pediatrician, Dr. Milton I. Levine divides his time between being a staff member of several schools in New York and writing for medical journals. He wrote The Wonder of Life in 1940 to help children understand the mysteries of sex. For nine years, he has been a camp physician in New England.*

counsellors who "mean well" can do your child irreparable harm.

For example some young college girls—supervising campers from 9 to 13—decided they were going to give their charges a moonlight hay ride. They woke them at midnight, loaded them into the hay wagon, drove them down a deserted road. Suddenly two masked men with pistols jumped out of the bushes and held up the cart. The children, already over-excited, were terrified. The two highwaymen proved to be girl counsellors in disguise; the "hold up" was a novel way to announce refreshments. But it was some time before the children's hysteria wore away.

Typical are the immature counsellors who pride themselves on "giving the children an object lesson." Occasionally they may even try to teach a child to swim by throwing him into the water, shocking him so severely that it may take years to repair the damage. Then I remember an incident at a nursery camp a few summers ago, when a pet rabbit died. One of the counsellors, trying to avoid reference to death, told one three-year-old that "her rabbit had fallen

asleep and would never wake up again." It took me nearly a week to compose the little girl's mind. She was so terrified that night after night she lay in her bunk afraid to go to sleep for fear that she, too, might never wake up again.

Untrained counsellors may harm children physically as well as emotionally. I have seen novelty or obstacle races under chairs, tables, and heaps of packing cases in which children were bruised, cut, and full of splinters. I visited another camp that staged an athletic field day under a broiling August sun, culminating in a tug-of-war, in which 10 children fainted.

What medical service is provided by the camp you have chosen? Every reputable camp has a qualified physician either on the staff or available

### ***Before Sending Your Child to Camp!***

#### ***1. What are its health standards?***

Besides fresh air, camp should include: a medical examination for children, leaders and food-handlers; a physician in residence or easily accessible; a graduate nurse and a competent dietician; adequate provision for sleep and rest; and a daily routine that is not too strenuous.

#### ***2. What are the qualifications of the camp director?***

A camp director should have professional training in child psychology and in personnel administration.

#### ***3. What type of counsellor should your child have?***

Mature, college-trained counsellors who have demonstrated leadership with young people.

#### ***4. Will your child be treated as an individual?***

Each child should have the opportunity to do what he likes rather than follow a program that is strictly mapped out for him. Children shouldn't follow a set form.

#### ***5. Will your child gain new interest in the out-of-doors?***

The camp program should be designed to awaken new interests in outdoor activities in each child.

#### ***6. Consider the spiritual aspects of the camp.***

Each camp should be a happy community, motivated by a director's high ideals.

—DEAN HEDLEY S. DIMOCK (*George Williams College*)

nearby. If the camp has nothing but medical students or trained nurses, it's probably because the business-man owner is cutting financial corners.

Of course even an experienced physician makes occasional errors in diagnosis. But here's an example or two of what can happen when camps skimp on proper medical service.

A child at summer camp had spells of vomiting. The camp physician—a plastic surgeon on vacation—did not communicate with the mother, but diagnosed the case as “stomach upset.” Too late, another doctor interpreted the trouble correctly. It was a ruptured appendix. The child developed severe peritonitis and died.

On another occasion a first-year medical student—the camp “physi-

cian”—told a child with a slight fever to go to bed for a few days. When the fever persisted over a week she was found to be suffering with infantile paralysis.

No matter how picturesque its setting, or how modern its equipment, a camp is no better than its staff. Look into the character and training of all its members. If the milk man delivers promptly and doesn't overcharge, you don't care whether he drinks or beats his wife. You know the only reason he's in business is to make money and you'd think him a queer fish if it weren't. But the summer camp business deals with human beings—with *your* son or *your* daughter. Like colleges, or hospitals, or homes, the profit motive is not enough.



### **Tall Tattlings**

**Don Marquis:** “The typical American business man was born in the country, where he worked like hell so he could live in the city, where he worked like hell so he could live in the country.”

**Nellie Revell:** “When the other fellow looks that way, it's because he is dissipated. But when you look that way it's because you're run down.”

**Dean Inge:** “A man may build himself a throne of bayonets but he cannot sit on it.”

**George Creel:** “We do not need less criticism in time of war but more.”

**James J. Walker:** “A reformer is a guy who rides through a sewer in a glass-bottomed boat.”

**Somerset Maugham:** “In heaven when the blessed use the telephone they will say what they have to say and not a word besides.”

**Thornton Wilder:** (From the play, *The Skin of Our Teeth*) “She's going to make some man a good wife some day, provided he comes down off the movie screen and asks her.”

*Have you heard the latest about the war? If you have, keep it to yourself. There's nothing like a good fat bunch of rumors for putting a big dent in our cause*



## **Test Tube for Rumors**

by GORDON W. ALLPORT

**H**AVE YOU HEARD about the American mother who got a post card from her son, a prisoner in Japan, asking her to save the stamp, and when she removed it, found the message: "They have cut off my tongue"?

Have you heard that Lloyd's of London is betting ten to one that the war will end by next fall? Or that a German girl working in a factory making gas masks was caught puncturing the masks as they passed her?

Maybe you've missed these, but you've certainly heard some of the thousands of rumors making the rounds today. Some of them start in broadcasts from Berlin, but you don't have to listen to the radio to fall in line with the Axis thought-pattern. Just listen to rumors, pass them along, and you'll be doing your bit to hurt your country!

These tall tales deal with anything from excessive casualty lists to suicides

among soldiers, from workers shirking on the job to ice-pick revolts in the cotton-fields. They are spread by bar-room blabbermouths and bridge-tea chatterboxes. Think a moment about the gossip stories you've innocently told friends: have you set any "sucker bait" afloat?

Everyone that repeats lies about the Army, the Navy, the Red Cross, Negroes, shortages, Jews, labor or the administration, gives Goebbels' program a boost. Whether people get chills of fear or a glow of over-confidence, the Nazis are that much ahead.

Recently, for instance, there were the anti-British stories.

"Britain has made a secret peace treaty with the Germans and the war is practically over." Or "Canadian bacon is shipped to England, and then returned to Canada to be sold as English 'Wiltshire' bacon." By other rumors, Canada is told that

Britain is sacrificing Canadians and doing nothing herself. Britain hears that the Americans are taking things easy, while Russia is told that the British, Canadians and Americans are all hanging back.

Even old World War rumors have been dug up and dusted off. That ubiquitous ghostly submarine that haunted our coasts in 1917 is again on the prowl. Its officers are captured, and in their pockets are found ticket stubs from movie theatres in Miami, New York and Boston.

Other old rumors are on the rampage. There's one about the man picking up the hitchhiking fortune-teller who predicts that the war will end five months after he finds a corpse in the car. A little later, he picks up a man injured in an accident, who dies on the way to the hospital.

We cannot definitely say that these stories originate, word for word, in the lie-factory run by Goebbels, but we do know that roughly 50 per cent of the current rumors are being featured by the Axis propaganda short wave. Just why do we so gullibly swallow their bait? Why has human nature

such a weakness for these fabrications of the imagination?

For one thing, we are susceptible to rumors when there is ambiguity in the news. The Navy saw fit not to release the facts about a certain sinking off Cape Cod. Result: first it was rumored that 100 Negroes had been drowned. Then, that 500 nurses' bodies had been washed ashore and that the beach was crowded with undertakers. Finally, that transports had been sunk in the Cape Cod Canal and the waterway was choked with bodies. Thus the story grew, because the whole truth had not been told at once.

Then again, we are victims of rumor because our memories are so faulty. We can't repeat a story straight if we want to. Try this at your next party. Send 10 people out of the room. Then call in one person and describe a picture to him. Have him tell a second, and so on until all 10 persons have heard the picture story. You will be amazed at the distortions. Important features will drop out, and the final telling will give you an unrecognizable hash.

But most important of all is the role of our own buried emotions, which hopelessly distort any small kernel of fact present at first.

One of these emotions is fear. All of us are vaguely afraid in this war; some of us have the jitters quite badly. After Pearl Harbor, some timid souls began to imagine that our whole Navy had been wiped out. When at last the truth could safely be told, the President had to bring all of his

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*Dr. Gordon W. Allport's word about rumor probably carries as much weight as anyone's in the country. He was one of the founders of the Boston Rumor Clinic and is at present a consultant for the OWI. He also runs a kind of "morale clearing house" where psychologists from all over the country can send in their latest thought about civilian morale with the assurance that Allport will route it to the proper government agency. The rest of his time is spent being chairman of Harvard's Department of Psychology.*

persuasion to bear in convincing the people that our actual losses were not insurmountable.

Another distorting emotion is desire. We wish the war would end, so we accept the goose-stuffing about Lloyd's betting or the story that revolution is breaking out in Germany.

Our own prejudice, however, is most warping of all. If we happen not to like the British, we are catspaws for hate-England rumors. If we are antagonistic towards Russia, management or labor, we slander those who are our best friends. Seventy per cent of all rumors are wedge-drivers, psychological sabotage of our own Allies and neighbors.

If you consider these wedge-driving rumors a mere nothing, you have only to think of how skilfully Hitler planted

in the German people the cancer of race prejudice. At first he merely distracted them from their troubles by inviting them to blame the Jews. Why puzzle longer, he asked, about the cause of the first World War or the German defeat. Is it not obvious that Jewish "Pluto-democratic Bolshevism" is to blame?

So in 1933 the Nazis removed the Jews from power. But conditions still grew worse and worse. What now? Well, if a little persecution didn't help, perhaps a little more would. So, stage by stage, there developed in a decent race of people this frightful tumor.

Yet no child is ever born with an ounce of race prejudice. The idea that we are naturally allergic to the odors of foreign races is a myth. Every five-year-old would just as soon as not

### **I Know My Stuff? Do You?**

¶ When someone tells me that Germany is crumbling, I tell him I notice Joe Louis never underrated the other fellow.

¶ When someone tells me there are no Fifth Columnists here, I tell him to quit kidding and remember Pearl Harbor. I also tell him I report what I know to the F.B.I. and leave the job to them.

¶ When I hear Hitler rant about Nazi purity, I think of boys in our army and navy and the places their folks came from—England, Ireland, France, Germany, Italy, Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Sweden—Protestants, Catholics and Jews. That's America, and it's pure enough for me.

¶ When somebody talks to me about France, I tell him one thing it lacked was civilian defense. *I am* registered for civilian defense. *Are you?*

¶ When someone knocks the Germans in this country, I tell him that those I know say "Heil Hitler"—not "Heil Hitler."

¶ When someone keeps criticizing the way things are going, I tell him I never yet saw a ball game won by the noisy fellow who yells at the umpire and razzes the players. —*From a Pamphlet Published by the Boston Traveler*



cross the tracks to choose a playmate.

The fact that a quarter of the rumors in circulation today are based on race prejudice shows that the cancer is growing. One step in discrimination leads to another. If we allow the first steps of racial slander to pass unchallenged we shall fall into Hitler's trap. Already there is far too much racial discrimination in this country, and if we persist in rumor-mongering we are following the Nazis' "divide and conquer" pattern.

Until we learn to face our motives we shall not eradicate rumor. It is not enough to deny a rumor with fact. Prove that the British, far from letting others do their fighting, are actually losing more men than any of the other United Nations excepting Russia, and what happens? Up bobs another. Prove that one false, and still they multiply.

How, then, shall we combat rumors?

GOVERNMENT agencies have been fighting them for a long time. The FBI welcomes reports of dangerous stories and tries to track them down. Occasionally this leads to the arrest of a Nazi agent, but the public seldom hears of it. The Army and Navy Intelligence services are always on guard, and other military branches continually try to counteract the evil effects of rumors.

But this is not enough; the general public must get into the fight. It is only by smoking out these wild tales that we can kill them off.

One very efficient device for making the public rumor-conscious is the

rumor column, often called a Rumor Clinic. *The Boston Herald* and *Cleveland Press*, for example, collect current rumors, print the stories and beneath them the actual facts.

In Montreal, an organization of volunteer citizens called the Canadian Column operates a rumor clinic. In Suffolk County, Long Island, there is a similar organization, and others are being formed all over the country.

In Boston, the Division of Propaganda Research of the Massachusetts Committee on Public Safety encourages people to report all wild tales. The Committee then tries to follow up the rumor and spike it at its source.

Pamphlets, posters and public admonishments all play their part. Radio programs are another proposition, for the listener who tunes in late will miss the debunking part and take the story as gospel truth. The OWI asks for no more spectacular Martian invasions à la Orson Welles!

Now, what must we as private citizens do to cut down on loose talk? Every day each of us says things against our government which in Germany would mean the concentration camp. We should still preserve our right to criticize, but in time of national peril, we must show common sense about it.

In our complaints and criticisms, let us follow four sound rules:

1. Let us say at least one good thing about the government for every critical remark we make.
2. Let's not complain about things that can't be helped.
3. Let's be constructive and specific

in our criticism, and avoid making sweeping negative statements that sound as though we had no faith in our form of government.

4. Above all, let us direct our hate and hostility toward the Axis and not toward our fellow Americans or the United Nations. It is not the British, the Russians, the Jews or the Negroes

that outrage our sense of decency or menace our survival. It is the Axis.

The Axis is our only enemy!

—*Suggestions for further reading:*

PUBLIC OPINION IN A DEMOCRACY by C. W. Smith Prentice-Hall, Inc., New York	\$4.00
THE STRATEGY OF TERROR by E. Taylor Houghton Mifflin, Boston	\$2.50



### **"Dear Mom"**

LETTERS TO MOTHER have run the gamut of history and reached the height of emotion as these fragments of letters from famous sons testify.

Paris, September 18, 1843

Dear, good, dear Mother!

... And you, sweet old cat, how are you? If you die before I see you again, I'll shoot myself. Remember that, in case you should feel like changing your Dammor address for a worse one! Remember it, and you won't do anything so silly. ...

Farewell; in fact, go on faring as long as possible.

Your faithful son

H. (Heinrich) Heine

(Paris, 1836)

Dearest Mother,

Here is a short scrawl written at midnight, write to us plenty of long letters, though I repay them so badly, but they make me happy for the rest of the day. I am sure I love you better since I was married than before, perhaps it is because, being so happy, I am grown a little more good. God bless you dearest Mother. ...

W. M. T. (William Makepeace Thackeray)

Weimar, September 2, 1859

Enclosed, dearest mother, find a small contribution to your ice-cream expenses. Don't take it as an indication of cooler sentiments; their temperature is quite different from that of your favorite tidbits. May their enjoyment remind you favorably of

Your devoted, loving son

(Franz Liszt)

—FROM *Dearest Mother* (L. B. FISCHER)

*Book Excerpt:*

# *Wolf-Children*

BY THE REVEREND J. A. L. SINGH

EXCERPTED from the book *Wolf Children and Feral Man* by the Rev. J. A. L. Singh and Prof. Robert M. Zingg . . . The facts behind this diary of the wolf children of Midnapore are almost unbelievable; and yet they cast astounding light on the nature and growth of the human mind. Few documents have thrown so much light on the mystery of personality and development.



## Wolf Children

**EDITORS' NOTE:** *What follows is no mere Romulus and Remus fable of children left to be suckled by a wolf. The facts as set down by the Reverend Singh have been subjected to careful scientific scrutiny by such eminent men as Prof. R. Ruggles Gates of Kings College, University of London; Dr. Arnold Gesell, Director of Yale's Clinic of Child Development; Prof. Francis N. Maxfield, Director of Ohio State University's Psychological Clinic; and Prof. Kingsley Davis of Pennsylvania State College.*

*We feel that this diary of the humanization of a child is unique. It portrays with unacademic simplicity a series of events so remarkable that the imagination can hardly accept them. Their significance will be indubitable to anyone interested in the nature and development of the human mind against its varying backgrounds.*

*The story of Amala and Kamala adopted in infancy by a nursing wolf ranks high among the legends of Christian miracles. Kamala in particular was sub-*

*jected to three crises which have probably never befallen any other child. In the words of Dr. Gesell, "Kamala was thrice bereft. She was bereft of human care when she was carried to a wolf's den; she was bereft of the securities of her wolf life when she was rescued; she was pathetically bereft of the security of reminiscent kinship when her 'sister' Amala died."*

*And yet the child survived. Against almost unprecedented handicaps, she recovered psychologically and achieved human estate. The facts of this diary tell why. Though perhaps lacking in scientific detail, they illuminate the value of personal love and kindness as could no formal account. Kamala's story covers a period of nine years, showing the progress of her growth in the light of time, which alone could decide its extent and completion.*

*Her career, even though cancelled by premature death, proves finally the stamina of the human spirit and its ability to win out against the rigors of an adverse fate.*

October 8, 9, 1920

ON ONE OF OUR missionary tours we came upon a villagenamed Godamuri, on the borderland between Midnapore and Morbhanj. We took shelter in a man's cowshed in the village. He told us in great fear about a man-ghost in the jungle close by. The Manush-Bagha (man-ghost) was like a man in his limbs, with the hideous head of a ghost. On inquiry, he told me that it could be seen at dusk. The spot he cited was about seven miles from the village. He and his wife begged me to rid the place of it. They were so afraid that they wanted to abandon the place if nothing was done to remove the ghost.

I pointed out to them a big tree in the vicinity, about one hundred yards or so from the place where the ghost was supposed to live. I asked them to prepare a shooting *machan* (a high platform from which one can shoot wild animals) in that tree, so that we could secretly see the ghost when it came out from the den.

Early the following morning we went to see the *machan* and to examine the haunts of the so-called ghost. It was a white-ant mound as high as a two-storied building, rising from the ground in the shape of a Hindu temple. Round about there were seven holes, later found to be seven tunnels leading to the main hollow at the bottom of the mound. There was a bypath near the white-ant mound. Long before dusk, we stealthily boarded the *machan* and anxiously waited there for an hour or so. All of a sudden, a grown-up wolf came

out from one of the holes. This animal was followed by another one of the same size and kind. The second was followed by a third, closely followed by two cubs, one after the other. Close after the cubs came the ghost—a hideous-looking being—hand, foot, and body like a human being; but the head was a big ball of something covering the shoulders and upper portion of the bust, leaving only a sharp contour of the face visible, and it was human. Close at its heels came another awful creature exactly like the first, but smaller in size. Their eyes were bright and piercing, unlike human being's.

The first ghost appeared on the ground up to its bust and, placing its elbows on the edge of the hole, looked to this side and that side, and jumped out. It was followed by another tiny ghost of the same kind, behaving in the same manner. Both of them ran on all fours. My friends at once leveled their guns to shoot at the ghosts. They would have killed them if they had not been dissuaded by me. I held their barrels and presented them with the field glass and told them that I was certain these ghosts were human children. Seeing through the field glass, all present on the *machan* agreed.

October 10, 11, 1920

We again sighted the ghosts and wolves. After dinner the same night we called the villagers and told them that we desired to dig the white-ant mound the next day to get these children. We asked them to help us with men to dig out the place, saying we

would pay them handsomely. But they flatly refused, saying, "No sirs, we cannot do that. You are all here only for a day, but we have to live here. When you go away these Manush-Baghas will play havoc with us and kill us all." We finally secured some people from a distant village for the work. None of us told them anything with regard to the ghosts.

October 17, 1920

We went straight to the spot; half of us boarded the *machan*, but I remained with the men to instruct them to cut a door in the white-ant mound. I distinctly told my friends not to fire at any cost. After a few strokes of the spade and shovel, one of the wolves came out hurriedly and ran for his life into the jungle. The second one appeared quickly, frightened for his life, and followed the footsteps of the former. A third appeared. It shot out like lightning on the surface of the plain and made for the diggers—howling, racing about restlessly, scratching the ground furiously, and gnashing its teeth. It would not budge out of the place. I had a great mind to capture it, because I guessed from its whole bearing on the spot that it must have been the mother wolf, whose nature was so ferocious—and affection so sublime. I was amazed to think that an animal would so nurture these peculiar beings, which surely once had been brought in by her as food for the cubs. In the meantime the men pierced her through with arrows, and she fell dead.

After the mother wolf was killed,

it was an easy job. When the door was cut out the whole temple fell, very fortunately leaving the central cave open to the sky, without disturbing the hollow inside. The cave was a hollow in the shape of the bottom of a kettle. It was smooth as if cemented, and so neat that not even a piece of bone was visible. The cave had a peculiar smell, peculiar to the wolves, that was all. Two cubs and the other two hideous beings were there in one corner, all four clutching together in a monkey-ball. It was really a task to separate them. The ghosts were more ferocious than the cubs, making faces, showing their teeth and making for us when too much disturbed. We were at a loss and did not know what to do.

I collected four big sheets and threw one of the sheets on the ball of children and cubs. In this manner we separated all of them, each one tied up in a sheet, leaving only the head free. We gave the cubs away to the diggers, and I took charge of the two human children and went back to the house at Godamuri. One of the villagers agreed to keep them until my return, in his courtyard.

October 23, 1920

When I returned I was told of the miserable condition of the children. They had been left to themselves without any food or drink. For ghosts to be living in a man's courtyard was more than enough to create a panic in him and his family. They had left the place in hot haste just after we had left. The panic was so great that



it depopulated the whole village. I found the situation very grave, the poor children panting for breath from hunger, thirst and fright. I actually wept for my negligence and tried to make them drink some hot tea. The feeding was a problem. They would not receive anything into their mouths. I tried by syphon action. Finally I tore up my handkerchief and rolled it up to a wick. To my great surprise, I found them sucking the wick like a baby and I thanked God most fervently. I stayed at Godamuri for a few days to tend and nurse the children to fit them for the journey in a bullock cart for 75 miles to Midnapore. I kept them on raw milk only, and they improved greatly.

*October 28 to November 4, 1920*

We reached the Orphanage safely and they were accepted simply as neglected children. I took my wife into my confidence and told her the whole story of the discovery and requested her strongly not to disclose anything of what I had said.

*November 24, 1920*

After a few days they became stronger and we cut off the matted balls of hair from their heads—and their appearance changed immensely. They looked almost human but they had prominent differences in feature from ordinary children. The formation of jawbone was raised and high. The formation of the teeth was close-set and uneven, with very fine sharp edges. The color of the insides of their mouths was blood-red, naturally not

found among men. Their eyes were somewhat round and had the look as if heavy with sleep during the day. But they were wide open at night after 12 and had a peculiar glare like that of a cat or dog in the dark. They had flat noses with big round nostrils and at the time of any excitement the nostrils pumped out breath with a harsh noise. They had powerful animal instincts and could smell meat or anything from a great distance. The only sound we heard from them was a peculiar cry or howling in the dead of night. It was neither human nor animal. It began with a hoarse voice and ended with a thrilling, shrilling wail, loud and continuous and piercing. It was their vocabulary. Their ages were guessed by me—the elder about eight years and the younger about a year and a half. We named the elder Kamala and the younger Amala. When I first saw them in the jungle, Kamala and Amala were very healthy and robust. But when I saw them on the 23rd of October inside the stockade their health had deteriorated immensely, due to their starvation. Before they recovered their former health, they were covered with a peculiar kind of sores all over the body. They had a fearful appearance and went deep into the flesh, making the children look like lepers. They healed up after three weeks of careful treatment.

They used to eat and drink like dogs from their plate, lowering their mouths down to the plate. When they were hungry they would come smelling to the place where the food was

kept and sit there; if they were not fed they would go and come again till they got something to eat.

*December 7, 1920*

On this date they got so they would stand on their knees and try to reach the utensil which contained the food.

*December, 1920*

The children continued to improve in health and became stronger day by day. I found them very fond of raw meat and raw milk. Gradually they commenced to go on all fours and they would run fast—just like squirrels. They could not stand upright, although we tried our utmost to make them do so. Their heads were amazingly erect; the shoulders broad and powerful; the thighs extended to an obtuse angle; and their toes and hands were spread.

They always slept with their legs bent, bringing the knees up to the chest. Both children used to grind their teeth while sleeping.

*December 17, 1920*

Mrs. Singh was anxious to bring about their articulation of speech and she treated them as babies just trying to prattle. She would sit by them and soothe them. She commenced taking prattling babies of the Orphanage and talking to them in their presence. They would stealthily watch and listen, although it was obvious that this did not please them. Mrs. Singh tried other devices; while she would be talking she would open a tin of biscuits and distribute them among the

babies. The noise of chewing attracted the wolf-children's attention—then she approached them and gave them a biscuit each. They would not take it directly from her, so she placed them on a stool near them and they took it immediately.

*December 21, 1920*

We found them very much attached to one of the foundlings, Benjamin by name. He was a child of about five months or so. The wolf-children and he used to associate together in the room and were very friendly. We thought this mixing up was a good way to improve their mode of movements and their progress in articulation and habits. But unfortunately all of a sudden one day Benjamin was roughly bitten and scratched by them and never came into their company again, but always tried to avoid them. He was terribly frightened of them and their ways.

*January 29, 1921*

Once on this date when they wanted to run away, a girl by the name of Rhoda tried to prevent their escape and they gave her such a bite and scratched her so that she was compelled to leave them alone. They ran out and entered the bushes outside the Orphanage, running on all fours, and could not be overtaken. It was really a task to hunt them out, as they became noiseless. Such was their nature to shun human relations and human habitation. They could not find here what they missed in the jungle; they could not prowl about

with the wolves; they missed their cozy den. Consequently the thought of the old environment preyed heavily upon their minds and their only thought was to regain their former habitation and company. This fact made them meditative and morose. They would sit almost motionless with faces directed against the wall. The other children tried to allure and entice them to play but they would sit aloof for hours at a stretch, backs to the children, faces to the wall, bestowing furtive glances on their well-meaning, would-be companions.

*January 31, 1921*

They were noticed lapping water from a stream when they were thirsty. They resented being bathed and used to struggle to free themselves. Their bath was a difficult task.

*February 21, 1921*

If they could get out at night, as they did once on this date, it was noticed that they had no fear at all. They were found prowling about cheerfully in the open fields around the Orphanage after having made us play hide and seek half the night.

*March 18, 1921*

On this day, they were with the children when a cow suddenly got loose and ran into the garden close to the children. The children all ran hither and thither, but Kamala and Amala ran to Mrs. Singh. This was very significant—their coming to her by singling her out—as it speaks of their attempt to associate with her.

*July 15, 1921*

Whenever they expressed desire by their attitude or behavior for any food or drink, we at once attended to them, pointing out to them the particular food or drink and holding it up before them. They used to refuse what they did not want by not extending their hands and extending their hands for that which they liked.

Early in the mornings Mrs. Singh used to massage them with mustard oil and the constant act of passing the hand all over the body for a fairly long time produced a soothing effect.

*September 5, 6, 1921*

Amala and Kamala fell ill on September 4th and 6th, 1921, respectively. The illness took a serious turn and they remained unconscious for five days and our family Dr. S. P. Sarbadhicari was called in on the 11th of September.

*September 21, 1921*

Time passed and Amala's case became hopeless and she gave up the ghost on the 21st of September. Kamala after much agitation seemed to come to the conclusion that Amala was gone. Two teardrops fell, one from each eye—her first recorded tears.

*October 19 to 25, 1921*

Continuous massage was given Kamala during this period. The massage was skillfully and tenderly done with many endearments. It had a wonderful effect in strengthening and loosening Kamala's muscles for human use and in drawing her to trust and

love her foster-mother. Great care was taken in the massage to straighten the knee joints and ankle joints by constant light rubbing, twisting with mustard oil and gentle jerking. The circulation of the blood in these parts improved and the muscles in the arms and calves were treated so as to strengthen the nerves gradually.

*December 27, 1921*

On this date Kamala came straight to Mrs. Singh. She preferred to remain with her, instead of roaming about the garden with any of the animals as before. And she began to accept food and drink from Mrs. Singh's hand. She behaved like a baby of one and one-half years.

*January 17, 1922*

The next treatment she got was an exercise—she was made to reach for tempting food by standing on her knees. Mrs. Singh tried giving her a pillow to support her back to make it comfortable to stand on her knees.

*March 2, 1922*

She was observed on this date to walk on her knees for a short distance.

*March 6, 1922*

Kamala had a ravenous appetite and would eat and drink to the full capacity of her stomach. She had a great appetite for meat. Once, upon finding a dead chicken lying in the courtyard, she at once seized it in her jaws and ran on all fours inside the surrounding bushes. Later she emerged with telltale feathers and particles of

meat on her lips and cheek. When questioned, she nodded "yes."

*March 24, 1922-August 3, 1922*

Kamala gradually learned to swing.

*May 13, 1923*

There was a rooster among the fowls who was a great fighter and very ferocious—he used to chase the little chickens. The rooster was caged during the day except for three hours. On May 13th, Kamala got into the cage while he was out. A little while later the rooster turned up and entered the cage. He did not do any harm to Kamala. She patted it with her left hand on its back. Thereafter they remained friends until the bird died.

*June 10, 1923*

The task of making her stand on her two legs like a human child took several years but she did stand on June 10th, 1923. However, she could never run at all.

*August 13, 1923*

On this date Kamala first was seen sleeping with outstretched legs.

*September 18, 1923*

Kamala was purposely left outside the house. At this time, she did not like so much as formerly to be out at night. She commenced scratching at the door and when she found it would not open she began to howl.

*January 6, 1924*

A child had a severe cut on his leg, and when the wound was being

dressed he was crying and struggling to free himself. He produced the sound "Na, na, na." Kamala was present at this outburst.

#### *January 19, 1924*

Kamala had a fall and sprained her wrists. When the sprain was being rubbed and massaged, she commenced uttering the cry, "Na, na, na." This was an instance of the imitation which Kamala gradually developed in pronouncing words.

#### *February 21, 1924*

Kamala had learned to know her clothes, especially the showy-colored ones, in addition to the red color which gained the highest place in her mind and affections.

#### *1925*

During the year 1925 the change from animal to human ways continued. She improved her postural control by standing alone on her feet. Her use of words steadily increased. Food tastes changed markedly and she began to like salt, which she had heretofore refused. Her motor control at meals progressed so that she could now drink from a glass which she held herself. Slowly but consistently she was becoming more human.

#### *January 1, 1925*

Kamala was found talking to herself; simply jabbering as children do when at play to represent some circumstance or small household matter which had impressed itself on their minds, without any particular motive.

#### *1926-1927*

In 1926 Kamala was a different person. Her formerly rigid countenance took on more expression when she talked. Her gestures of arms and trunk showed more animation. She used these gestures for communication when she could not find words to express herself. She added numerous words to her vocabulary. By actual count the vocabulary increased from 30 words at the beginning of 1926 to 45 words at the beginning of 1927. She left off more of her childish babbling and used conversational jargon. She showed more desire to communicate with her associates and a more emotional identification with events as they occurred. She now permitted a blanket to be placed over her at night. And where before she had preferred darkness, she now shared the timidity of the other children in the dark . . . where before she had felt most friendly with animals, she now feared dogs and went out of her way to avoid them. Now, instead of refusing clothes, she would not go for a walk with the other children unless she was dressed like them.

#### *1928*

Throughout the year 1928 Kamala went on learning and practicing and grew in mind and in human character. She became a new person. She was an infant, so to say, of three or four years of age with reference to her growth as a human child.

#### *September 26, 1929*

Kamala fell ill. All the doctors in

town attended her and carefully treated her. She suffered for a long time and got very weak. During her illness she could not only talk, but talked with a full sense of the words,

One incident may be cited: During this illness she was being injected twice every day. These treatments began on the 3rd of November, 1921. One morning Dr. Santra gave her one injection; she opened her eyes and saw him. This was on the 4th of November. In the afternoon Dr. Sarbadhicari came and gave her another. After the injection she was asked who gave her that injection. At first, shutting her eyes, she said, "Hom Babu," meaning Dr. Santra. I asked her to open her eyes and see who the doctor was. She did so and instantly

said, "Na Sachin Babu," meaning Dr. Sarbadhicari. This clearly showed to what extent her intellect had grown, that she could clearly distinguish the one doctor from the other. This surely was a marked progress in her life toward womanhood, as reclaimed from the ferocious temper, wild habits and the completely different being of an animal.

Kamala the wolf-child lingered in her last illness and gave up the ghost at four a.m. on November 15, 1929.

\* \* \*

*It is not without significance that after the year 1926 the entries in the diary are very meager. It appears that Kamala was sufficiently normal to be more or less taken for granted. Her behavior had apparently become conventional . . .*

### **Who Started It?**

**BAYONET:** Since the dagger-like weapon to fit over the muzzle end of a rifle first was manufactured in Bayonne, France, it was christened bayonet.

**CANTALOUPE:** The melon now dubbed cantaloupe made its European debut in Cantalupo, Italy. Consequently, it was designated by the name of that town.

**CALICO:** The kind of cotton cloth—currently referred to as calico—first was imported from Calicut, India.

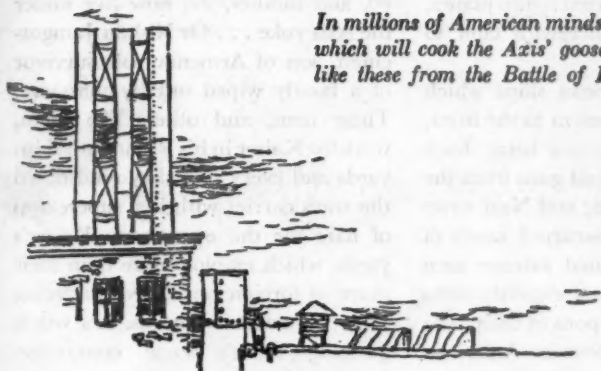
**TUXEDO:** In the country club of Tuxedo Park, N. Y., an exclusive and wealthy community, the short evening coat for men was popularized. Thereafter, this type of jacket was known as a tuxedo.

**GYPSIES:** It was once supposed that these colorful, fortune-telling wanderers hailed from the ancient land of Egypt. Consequently, they were called gypsies.

**DAMASK:** Because an elaborately patterned silk originated in Damascus, Syria, it became known as damask.

**SATIN:** Marco Polo's favorite name for Tzu-Ting, China, former great seaport in Fukien Province, was Zaitun. When a silk fabric began to be processed there, it was labeled satin.





*In millions of American minds, ideas are simmering which will cook the Axis' goose. Communiques like these from the Battle of Production show how*

## **On the V-Shift**

### **Quick Salutes:**

• • • — To the Southeastern Greyhound Lines for hiring housewives to do clerical work at home, thus relieving a labor shortage without subtracting precious manpower from war work or women from the home. . . . To Dugan Brothers, the Newark, New Jersey bakers, who devised a wooden tire when faced with the rubber shortage. Built from four laminated sections, bolted together and covered with a thick brake lining, the tires provide a fairly smooth ride and keep customers well stocked with bakery goods . . . To the Acme Steel Company, Chicago, for a swell job of employe relations. It permits employes who join the armed forces, women included, to accumulate seniority rights just as if they were on the job; ships the company publication to them regularly; encourages dances which raise money to send

them cartons of cigarettes; and gives draftees or enlistees their Christmas bonus and annual vacation checks for the year in which they entered the service . . . To the Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railway for doing its part to insure enough food for all by granting "Victory Garden" rights to the public along its right of way.

### **Winning the Scrap:**

• • • — We're more than happy to report that scrap metal is now flowing into steel mills in torrents, not trickles. Scrap drives do much to ease the shortage. Torpedoed merchant ships have proved another abundant source of the critical material. In one four-month period alone, 13 million pounds were salvaged from blasted vessels. Even dust from the smokestacks was saved to make vanadium oxide, which hardens steel for armor plate. Remember how the Japs bought

steel scrap from us before the war and promptly converted it into planes, tanks, and guns, wherewith later to attack us?

Today the American ships which bear men and equipment to the front, on their return voyages bring back those planes, tanks and guns from the Pacific in scrap form; and Nazi scrap too from the battle-scarred sands of North Africa. Trained salvage men at the fighting fronts expertly strip wrecked enemy weapons of their vital materials for shipment to American steel mills.

But don't let this good news slow your scrap collecting. The war's not won yet!

### **Factorial Review:**

●●● — Since Pearl Harbor the government has acquired, for military purposes, more than 64 thousand tracts of land and is in the process of condemning 57 thousand more. Uncle Sam, landlord, now controls a total of 12 million land acres, an area equal to the total of Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Delaware, the District of Columbia and four-fifths of New Jersey, combined.

### **Supercargo:**

●●● — Maybe these men are Henry Kaiser's secret weapons . . . Leon Shtoffer, born in Russia, who three times saw his possessions wiped out by war and earthquake . . . Lionel Sinclair, British born, whose brother is a British Army captain, and whose nephew, a major at 25, was decorated for bravery at Dunkirk . . . Max Jonas,

formerly of Holland, whose father, 80, and mother, 77, now live under the Axis yoke . . . Or Nishan Jamgotchian, son of Armenia, sole survivor of a family wiped out by massacre. These men, and others like them, work for Kaiser in his Richmond shipyards and every ship they send down the ways carries with it a supercargo of hate for the oppressors. Kaiser's yards, which employ more than their share of foreign born, are shattering ship construction records. It's worth guessing there's some connection between the two sets of facts.

### **Victory Treasure Trove:**

¶ *An electric home dehydrator*, modestly priced, made of wood. If it goes into production this year, Victory gardeners can "dry out" their fruits and vegetables instead of canning them.

¶ *The "Victory Vu-kit,"* a transparent lunchbox made of plastic, which needn't be opened for inspection at the gates of war plants. (Made by V. W. Busch Manufacturing Company.)

¶ *Work clothing* which won't burn. For after the war, it promises us clothing, curtains, and other articles which will be flameproofed by treatment with ammonium sulfamate. (DuPont.)

¶ *An Ice Indicator* that keeps the pilot informed of the amounts of ice on the wings of his plane, then at the right split second automatically turns on the plane's de-icers, thus helping solve one of the greatest hazards known to aviation. (Minneapolis-Honeywell Regulator Co.)

—LAWRENCE GALTON

## Game Book Section:



Tie on the old thinking bonnet, for we're  
off on a 12-cylinder program to challenge  
your wits and provoke your memory

Code in the Head	154
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## Code in the Head



**H**AVE YOU always longed to try your hand and brain at secret codes? Well, opportunity knocks for you 50 times in this quiz. If you get the questions decoded we're giving away no military secrets, but you'll see famous names of this war emerge from the jabberwocky below.

Here's how it works: Each question gives you a name disguised by random letters interspersed between the correct letters. Sometimes the real name begins with the first letter, sometimes the second. The nationality of the name is given as a clue. Now for an example, and then you may retire to the code room. Statesman: Whelileist (American). The answer is Welles—**Whelileist**. Minor errors in spelling may be disregarded.

Count two points for every correct answer. A score of 70 or more is fair, 80 or more is good, and over 90 is excellent. Answers are on page 158.

### Generals

1. Smearishavll (American)
2. Trimboschienzehto (Russian)
3. Swarvcrelli (British)
4. Prosmamweil (German)
5. Odle Ganuloiles (Fighting French)
6. Heristenphlowier (American)
7. Schohisarng Skalli Schreak (Chinese)
8. Blusdeshninoy (Russian)
9. Gorazliasni (Italian)
10. Smoyntageomerty (British)

### Airplanes

11. Ozoenrowi (Jap)
12. Sfrinato (Italian)
13. Abirtaclobera (American)
14. Werlalingritorn (British)
15. Psatruckla (German)
16. Flienbearsantori (American)
17. Thoumathadwak (British)
18. Shtyorimouvicki (Russian)
19. Forsckei-Woulanf (German)
20. Asphiertofuirue (British)

### Cities

21. Ostyalniwongunrand (Russian)
22. Catalogene (German)
23. Corvisenatury (British)
24. Natnokating (Chinese)
25. Edusnakierek (French)
26. Perarole Shamriboyr (American)
27. Asmioleenesaki (Russian)
28. Toruleono (French)
29. Tresykjarvoik (Icelandic)
30. Attorukymo (Jap)

### Warships

31. Heoranezt (American)
32. Poritonace Sorf Towearlense (British)
33. Giraft Isophemel (German)
34. Yobrkatrowin (American)
35. Riscohelineu (French)
36. Trepurlste (British)
37. Abrisambarock (German)
38. Ostain Goferanechisucko (American)
39. Thiarournia (Jap)
40. Lanirok Ronsybail (British)

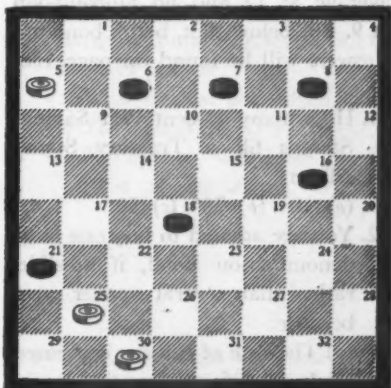
## Statesmen

41. Flptiviantove (Russian)
42. Scriprops (English)
43. Thoupell (American)
44. Stooneg (Chinese)
45. Ovasrogats (Brazilian)

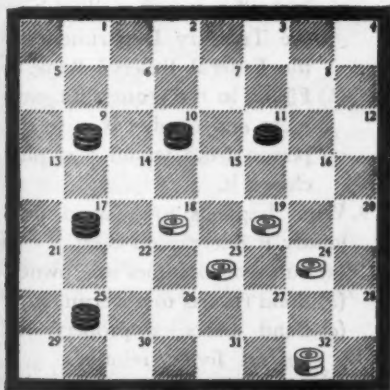
46. Goranodhin (Indian)
47. Skrinig (Canadian)
48. Ostrimosong (American)
49. Mioloytrovin (Russian)
50. Courstine (Australian)

## Checker Brainteasers

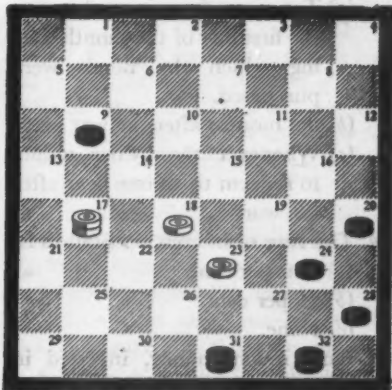
**M**AYBE you've always fancied yourself the original checkerboard strategist. If you have, here are three chances to prove your mettle. In each case, it's White's turn first, and he moves up on the board. You play both sets of checkers, but White stands to win each time if you play it cagey. We warn you—these set-ups aren't as innocent as they look. But three moves—no more, no less—will give White the victory in all three games. Are you on? Answers on page 158.



**1. The "In and Out" Shot**



**2. The "Time Bomb"**



**3. The Black Strategy**

## Any Bonds Today?

**Y**OU ARE, or should be, investing 10 per cent of your salary in United States War Savings Bonds. But how much do you really know about these investments in victory? A perfect score is 15. You're above average at 12 and no nincompoop at 9. But below that, better bone up. Answers will be found on page 158.



1. How many 25-cent War Savings Stamps fill a Treasury Stamp Album?  
(a) 10 (b) 75 (c) 50
2. You are advised to buy one large denomination Bond, if possible, rather than several smaller ones, because:  
(a) The rate of interest is greater.  
(b) It simplifies registration by the Treasury Department.
3. When do these Bonds mature?  
(a) Ten years from issue date, on the first day of the month during which the Bonds were purchased.  
(b) Six months after the war ends.  
(c) Whenever the owner wishes to redeem them one year after the war.
4. The rate of interest on Stamps is:  
(a) One per cent.  
(b) 15 per cent.  
(c) None.
5. How much money, invested in War Bonds, can you deduct from your income tax?  
(a) 100 dollars.  
(b) None.  
(c) 50 per cent of their maturity value.
6. The annual rate of interest on a Series E Bond is:  
(a) 2.9 per cent.  
(b) 7.6 per cent.  
(c) 10.5 per cent.
7. Purchase of War Bonds by one person, in his name alone, in each calendar year is limited to:  
(a) 5,000 dollars' worth (maturity value).  
(b) 50 thousand dollars' worth (issue value).  
(c) 100 thousand dollars' worth.
8. You can redeem a Bond and get your money back by:  
(a) Filling in the "request for payment" on the reverse side in the presence of an authorized official, and mailing it to the Treasury Department or the Federal Reserve Bank.  
(b) Filling in the request for payment and turning it in to the person from whom you purchased it.
9. What happens to a Bond held jointly if one person dies?  
(a) Survivor becomes sole owner.  
(b) Bond reverts to government.  
(c) Bond becomes property of nearest living relative.
10. How soon can you cash in a Series E Bond after purchase?



- (a) Any time after 60 days from issue date.
  - (b) Two weeks after purchase.
  - (c) Not until one year has elapsed from date of purchase.
11. How many one-dollar War Savings Stamps fill a Treasury Stamp Album?
- (a) 50 (b) 75 (c) 25
12. If you redeem a \$37.50 Bond, deduct \$18.75 in cash, and request that the balance of the money be reissued in a new Bond, the new security would:
- (a) Bear a new issue date.
  - (b) Bear an original issue date.
13. Where are all War Savings Bonds registered?
- (a) With the U. S. Postmaster General.
  - (b) With the Federal Reserve Bank.
  - (c) At the Treasury Department, Washington, D.C.
14. Who issues a duplicate of your Bond in case it is lost?
- (a) The Treasury Department.
  - (b) The Federal Reserve Bank.
  - (c) Your local post office.
15. In the event you lose your War Savings Stamps, duplicates will be issued to you by:
- (a) Your nearest post office.
  - (b) The Treasury Department.
  - (c) No agency will issue duplicates in case of loss.

### ***Fun With Numbers***

1. A customer buys a hat marked \$7.50 and gives the clerk a 10-dollar bill in payment. As it is early in the day, the clerk steps next door to the druggist to have the bill broken. He comes back, makes change and the customer walks out with his purchase.
- A few hours later the druggist runs in and announces that the 10-dollar bill is counterfeit. The hat clerk makes good. How much did he lose in all on the transaction?
2. A frog is at the bottom of a 25-foot well. Everyday he jumps up four feet—and slips back three. How long will it take him to get out?
3. If 100 cats will catch 100 rats in 100 minutes, how long will it take six cats to catch six rats?
4. A man starts from his home on a bicycle and travels toward town at the rate of 12 miles an hour. Halfway to town, he punctures his bicycle tire and goes the next two miles on foot in half an hour. He is then picked up by a farmer driving a wagon who carries him the rest of the way at the rate of eight miles an hour. If it takes an hour and a half to make the whole trip, how far is it from the man's home to town?
5. A certain philanthropist decided to make a gift of coal to some poor families. He found that if he gave four tons to each family he wished to help, he would need four more tons than he already had. If he gave only three tons to each, he would have 12 tons of coal left over. How many families did he want to help and how much coal did he have?

## Answers . . .

### To "Code in the Head"

- |                    |                |                     |                   |
|--------------------|----------------|---------------------|-------------------|
| 1. Marshall        | 13. Airacobra  | 26. Pearl Harbor    | 38. San Francisco |
| 2. Timoshenko      | 14. Wellington | 27. Smolensk        | 39. Haruna        |
| 3. Wavell          | 15. Stuka      | 28. Toulon          | 40. Ark Royal     |
| 4. Rommel          | 16. Liberator  | 29. Reykjavik       | 41. Litvinov      |
| 5. De Gaulle       | 17. Tomahawk   | 30. Tokyo           | 42. Cripps        |
| 6. Eisenhower      | 18. Stormovik  | 31. Hornet          | 43. Hull          |
| 7. Chiang Kai-shek | 19. Focke-Wulf | 32. Prince of Wales | 44. Soong         |
| 8. Budenny         | 20. Spitfire   | 33. Graf Spee       | 45. Vargas        |
| 9. Graziani        | 21. Stalingrad | 34. Yorktown        | 46. Gandhi        |
| 10. Montgomery     | 22. Cologne    | 35. Richelieu       | 47. King          |
| 11. Zero           | 23. Coventry   | 36. Repulse         | 48. Stimson       |
| 12. Fiat           | 24. Nanking    | 37. Bismarck        | 49. Molotov       |
|                    | 25. Dunkirk    |                     | 50. Curtin        |

### To "Checker Brainteasers"

1. The "In and Out" Shot: Your first move is 30-26. Black jumps from 21-30. He becomes a king, but is not allowed to jump back this turn. Then play 5-1, and after Black jumps 30-23, White circles the board capturing four men and blocking the remaining man.
2. The "Time Bomb": White moves 19-16. Black then jumps 11-20-27. White sacrifices two more men by moving 18-15. Black jumps 10-19-26. White then explodes the bomb by moving its king at 32 and clearing the board.
3. The Block Strategy: White moves 18-14, Black jumps 9-27. White then plays 17-22 and gains a brilliant win. Black must play 31-26 and White jumps 22-31 and blocks five men to win.

### To "Any Bonds Today?"

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 1. (b) 75.   | 9. (a) Survivor becomes sole owner.                   |
| 2. (b) It simplifies registration.                             | 10. (a) Any time after 60 days from issue date.       |
| 3. (a) Ten years from issue date.                              | 11. (b) 75.   |
| 4. (c) None.   | 12. (b) Bear an original issue date.                  |
| 5. (b) None.   | 13. (c) At the Treasury Department, Washington, D. C. |
| 6. (a) 2.9 per cent.   | 14. (a) The Treasury Department.                      |
| 7. (a) 5,000 dollars' worth.                                   | 15. (c) No agency.                                    |
| 8. (a) Mailing to Treasury Department or Federal Reserve Bank. |   |

### To "Fun With Numbers"

- |                                 |   |
|---------------------------------|---|
| 1. \$10, or \$2.50 and the hat. | 4. Twelve miles.                            |
| 2. Twenty-two days.             | 5. Sixteen families and sixty tons of coal. |
| 3. One hundred minutes.         |   |

*Bookette:*

# they came as Friends

**TOR MYKLEBOST**

A reconstruction of the original book. The book tells the story of the  
perpetrators of the attack. In this Norway an investigation of the attack of  
Oslo, the first one of terrorism and a series of attacks in the capital city  
of Norway. They speak their own words. And for the first time they do not  
speak as students in the background of a great and great war, but as  
the fighting themselves. These are the first and last words of the book.

THE OSLO THEATER was filled to the doors, and laughter billowed through the darkness. A summer of censored newspapers had taught people to read between the lines. With Gestapo agents on all street corners, in restaurants and hotels, they had learned to seek out the hidden meanings in everyday phrases. Their ears were attuned to words and accents.

Songs followed skits like the spokes in a wheel, and the entire revue was a concealed sneer at the occupying power. The crowd enjoyed itself tremendously and shamelessly. Not even the most thorough and methodical "expert training" for occupation soldiers in Berlin had succeeded in producing an effective weapon against the intimacy and comradeship that existed between actors and audience. The stage-world had its own armor.

The show was nearing its end, and the German officers scattered about in the theater moved restlessly in their chairs. They sensed that the laughter was directed at them. Yet they found nothing to criticize in the antics of the performers. The revue had been carefully censored beforehand by the Reichskommissariat's department of "cultural and theatrical activity," and it was unthinkable that mistakes could have been made so high in the ranks of Nazi efficiency.

Two actors were on the stage. They were whispering to each other. Suddenly one cried out in surprise:

"You don't say! Why, that's impossible!"

More actors appeared and joined the others. The whispering continued,

### ***They Came As Friends***

grew louder; the voices became incensed, angry.

"It can't be!"

"That would be an insult!"

"We'll never agree to it!"

"Anything else, maybe, but not that!"

Then one, louder than the rest:

"They won't dare—they won't dare offer us that! Why, remember how people took it the last time!"

The audience had become deathly silent. The German officers looked around. The faces near them had become so grim, so bitter. Such quiet seemed eerie where people should be enjoying themselves, where there should be laughter. Then suddenly the tension on the stage was relieved. A man came running in and gasped:

"Have you heard the latest? They've raised the liquor prices again!"

The Germans sank back in their chairs, once more at ease. They nodded to each other, haughtily.

"Those Norwegians! What childish fools!"

The Germans had not taken warning. They tried it anyhow. Quisling stood on the threshold. The Germans' efforts to create a National Council—a "government" which would run their errands—met with no success. Storting members had gone home. The next move was up to the occupying power.

On Monday, September 23, Oslo's chief of police was dismissed—the same man who in April had refused to obey Quisling's orders. Simultaneously there occurred a shake-up of

**by Tor Myklebost**

high police officials. A few Quisling followers began to appear publicly in uniform though political uniforms had been prohibited in Norway for many years. The country's lone pro-Nazi newspaper, *Fritt Folk*, flared up worse than ever before.

The presence of Nazis was a provocation, and on Tuesday, September 24, the boil not only came to a head but burst open. It began at a little restaurant for students at Oslo University. Two young boys and a girl wearing the brown-shirted uniforms of the Nasjonal Samling party entered the restaurant and raised a commotion. They were promptly thrown out, but only after their brown shirts had been torn to shreds. Ten minutes later they were back again, and with them came a score of others. Led by a German civilian, they marched into University Square.

Two or three hundred Norwegian students stood in the Square watching the proceedings in silence. The Nazis lined up in front of them, took off their shoulder belts, unpocketed their blackjacks and made ready for battle. The German leading the group finally broke the silence. He was a little fellow, with a Tyrolean cap and an exact copy of Hitler's mustache. With a snarling voice he ordered his "troops" to attack. The leather straps and blackjacks whistled through the air. It took the students a few seconds to awaken from the strange spell. But when they did they were fighting mad, and they set to work to maul the dis-

turburs of the peace. Quickly they demonstrated that there was also such a thing as Norwegian thoroughness. Within a few minutes seven or eight Quislings were lying unconscious in the Square. The others ensconced themselves on the stone steps in front of one of the buildings. The Germans had vanished completely.

University Square borders on Oslo's main thoroughfare, and the row had begun at four o'clock, just as thousands of people were on their way home from work. Thus the students were given ample reinforcements. Office workers and laborers, errand boys and others rushed in to lend a hand.

Someone called the police. Was not Norway a land of law and order? It was the duty of the police to look after the rowdies and the unruly. Soon the police arrived—strangely white around the gills. The crowd separated in order to let them through. Now those Nazi hooligans would get what they had coming to them!

And then it happened.

The police lined up against the crowd, driving it back. Other police formed a protective circle around the Quislings, and there was no mistaking the triumphant shouts from the steps.

"It's orders," explained the police as people stared at them questioningly, unbelievably.

Suddenly the victors—the Quislings—commenced singing the national anthem. It sounded thin and strange coming from that group, and instantly the jeering began. Like a storm it rose from the crowd and spread along Karl Johan Street. Never before in Nor-

way's history had the national anthem been drowned out so completely.

It was some time before street life returned to normal. People drifted about restlessly. They were unsatisfied and unsure. Something had happened—something that they could not quite understand. Moreover they had a feeling that they should have done something—that they had not themselves been true to their purpose.

**T**HOUSANDS OF PEOPLE jammed the downtown streets of Bergen. Never before had the city seen such crowds, excepting perhaps on the most important national holidays. But the people of Bergen were in no festive mood on October 17, 1940.

The main gathering point for the crowds was the square in front of the Hotel Norge and the surrounding streets. For Vidkun Quisling was staying at the Norge. He had ventured into the lion's den itself by coming to old Hanseatic Bergen. Probably in no other Norwegian town was patriotism so firmly embedded.

A rising murmur from the throng rumbled like distant thunder. The tension increased. People were getting restless. Something had to happen.

Suddenly, from somewhere, a shout was heard:

"We want to see the *Führer*!"

It caught on, and was quickly repeated by other voices. In a twinkling the whole mass was shouting.

"We want to see the *Führer*! We want to see the *Führer*!"

They were heard. And soon Vidkun

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Abraham Lauritz Quisling appeared on the hotel balcony. His face beamed with pride and expectation as he slowly approached the balustrade. He was the *Führer* receiving the plaudits of the multitude. This was indeed news, and the *Fritt Folk* photographer, jittery with excitement, ran around like the well-known chicken.

But all at once the crowd set up a new cry—or rather, a myriad of cries. Words of abuse and derision now echoed and re-echoed through the streets. And gradually the many shouts merged into a single chant, rising rhythmically, relentlessly from a thousand throats:

"Traitor! Traitor! Traitor!"

On and on went the chant, giving way at length to booing. And while they booed, the people took to bombarding the hotel with stones, rotten eggs—anything.

For a moment Quisling stood dumbstruck, his face gray. Then he made a quick about-face and vanished out of sight and danger. Later that day he was to speak in one of the city's largest halls, but when the time came for his address the hall was still empty.

Vidkun Abraham Lauritz Quisling was born in Telemark in southern Norway on July 18, 1887. People who knew him during his school years say that he was a "shining light," that he was ambitious far beyond the ordinary. Regularly he was highest in his class, and if he could not manage to maintain that position by honorable



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means it is recalled that he did not hesitate to employ others.

Towards the close of the 1920's Quisling became interested in the National Socialist currents in Germany, as a means of attaining power. But he hesitated to take a definite stand—until 1930, that is, when he became Minister of Defense.

The Farmers' Party Government never managed to get firmly established, and Quisling's presence in it by no means eased the situation. An indication of how people—even his best friends—regarded him was provided by a minor incident at the Grand Cafe in Oslo shortly before his appointment became known.

Quisling was seated in the cafe with some friends. He had just been informed of his selection, and he could not restrain his pride and joy.

"Gentlemen," he whispered confidentially across the table, "I have just accepted appointment as Minister of Defense!"

For a moment the group around the table was silent. Then one of the men stood up and raised his glass.

"In that case," he said, "I think it is in order to say: 'God save our King and native land!'"

Quisling's career as Minister of Defense was very turbulent, and one public scandal followed the other. Hated by the entire Norwegian working class, he became an impossible man in Norwegian politics. That is why, on May 17, 1933, he launched his own political party, giving it the

name *Nasjonal Samling*, which means national unity. This event caused no special stir, nor did the fact that Quisling, in his program, had plagiarized the ideology of German National Socialism.

Quisling had much to avenge, many humiliations that ached for repayment in kind. And all the querulous malcontents of the country, all those who in honest competition had been unable to assert themselves—all these now joined forces with him. It is they who comprise his *Nasjonal Samling* of today.

THE EVENTS OF LATE summer and early fall of 1940 had to a certain extent stabilized the front lines of resistance. But the Germans realized that their aims could best be accomplished by destruction of the country's strongest organizations.

The Germans also knew that the strongest and most dangerous of these units was the National Labor Federation. With a membership of more than 350 thousand, the Federation was the main force within the Norwegian people's scant army of three million. The Germans had not waited long after their arrival before directing their first blow at the Federation. Late in April the Reichskommissariat took the final say in all disputes arising over wages and working conditions.

The second blow followed in May when, by German orders, wages for Norwegians were reduced seven per cent. A still more serious blow fell on the Federation after the Norwegian

surrender in June. The first indication was an apparently innocent announcement made over the Oslo radio, which stated that the National Labor Federation would continue as before but it had become necessary to make certain changes in the leadership. What happened to the National Labor Federation became a valuable lesson for the other organizations in the country. Proof that the lesson had been taken to heart was provided as early as November when the Nazis, employing the same tactics, tried to gain control of the National Athletic Association, which had a membership almost as great as that of the Federation—roughly about 300 thousand.

The leadership of this NAA had kept in close contact with all sports clubs and other suborganizations throughout the country, and it had taken appropriate measures. Thus, when the Nazis struck on November 22, things began to happen. All the Association's leaders refused to cooperate in the "New Ordering"—i.e., Nazification. Instead, they resigned from their offices. And the same thing happened in all the suborganizations—in the associations of skiers, skaters, swimmers, football players and track athletes—in every single one of the country's more than 3,000 local sports clubs. For the first time the Germans were confronted with an absolutely united front and had to resort to countermeasures bordering on panic. In the first round they flooded the young people of the athletic organizations with promises and assurances. The State would appropriate vast

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sums for sports activities. Swimming pools and athletic fields, ski hills and club houses were to be built here, there and everywhere.

To all this the sports leaders replied that their only wish was to be left alone. Birger Ruud, Norway's most famous skier, declared: "When the day comes that it is my 'duty' to take part in a contest—on that day I will burn my skis!"

And so the Nazis then went after the individual sports clubs, threatening to confiscate their property and funds. Most of the clubs owned a ski hill, an athletic field, a hut or house—either alone or in conjunction with other clubs.

"Help yourself!" was their answer. "You can take what we own, but you can't force us to do something we don't want to do!"

Of course the Nazis did not dare retreat. Norway's Athletic Association was dissolved, its property and funds confiscated. A new organization was set up under new leadership with large and splendid offices in Oslo. The next step was to find leaders for the various suborganizations—and it was not an easy task. Therefore the Nazis requested the directing boards of these groups to appoint *führers* for their respective branches of athletics.

Even in the midst of the strife these boards had not lost their sense of humor. They yielded with surprising readiness to the order, and within a few days the new national athletic leadership triumphantly published

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the new names. Too late did the Nazis discover they had been "taken for a ride." The list of names published set the whole country laughing. But the directing boards were innocent. How could the Swimming Association's directors, for instance, know that the man they proposed as *führer* was at that very moment in jail, serving sentence after having been convicted as a common thief!

**C**ONTACT BETWEEN the Royal Government in London and the home front had become better developed and extended since it was first established in July. By means of the London radio the leaders in London kept the people informed on what war efforts Norwegians were making. It was at this time that the first volunteers began leaving the country—mostly young men who had received some training in aviation.

More important than the Royal Government's actual war efforts was the common knowledge that it was acting on full authority vested in it by a unanimous vote of the Storting (Norwegian Parliament). To the Norwegians, with their highly developed respect for democratic processes, this constitutional aspect of the situation took on almost sacred significance. It was on this foundation that the Norwegian home front was established and all Quisling overtures were rejected. This was the moral that was consistently propounded in the under-

ground newspapers which had sprung into being in the fall of 1940.

In the beginning these underground newspapers were only single sheets of paper, the contents of which were copied by readers and passed on to others. But their circulation was tremendous. The arithmetic was that of the simple chain letter familiar to Americans: the original "edition" was perhaps only 10 copies, but it included a request that each reader prepare 10 more copies and send them on to new readers. Later the secret newspaper activity became better organized, and during the spring of 1941 a couple of the papers began appearing in printed form.

Meanwhile in the fall of 1940 a new morale builder had appeared. A secret broadcasting station, which soon became known as the "Liberty Transmitter," began to operate inside the country's boundaries. It was on the air quite regularly a couple of times a day, and the fact that now and then it remained silent only increased its popularity. When Nazi authorities tried to upset confidence in the station by declaring that it was situated in England and not in Norway, the Liberty Transmitter replied by sending out accurate reports on the prevailing weather in Norway—something that could only be done on the spot, because all newspapers were strictly prohibited from mentioning weather conditions.

The Norwegians' sentiments towards the Germans found many forms of expression. All kinds of insignia were adopted to indicate the

bearer's attitude. Ordinary wire paper clips were worn on coat lapels and were taken to mean "Stick together!" They were also placed on the ears of cats and dogs belonging to Nazis. The advertising slogan "100 per cent Norwegian," cut from milk cartons, served the same purpose. A common match placed in a buttonhole with the red end standing upright meant "flaming hate."

The Nazis staged a counterstroke. Detachments of the *Hird* (Quisling's gang of stormtroopers) were sent out to tear the prohibited insignia from coat lapels. That led to fights and the formation of street riots in various parts of the country.

After two months, conditions became so critical that, on November 28, Propaganda Minister Goebbels arrived in Norway to make a personal inspection of the situation. The immediate result of the visit was a large number of arrests, but the Norwegians interpreted his visit as partial verification of the rumor that Quisling had been given a limited time in which to prove his ability as a leader.

At this time the first concentration camps were established, one near Bergen and one near Oslo. They were soon filled to capacity.

At the end of the year the German Gestapo had between nine and ten thousand of its agents in Norway. That is to say, there was one Gestapo agent for every 300 Norwegians. At the same time the army of occupation totaled between three and four hundred thousand men—more, in proportion, than the Germans main-

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tained in any other occupied country.

Again the most effective—even though comparatively innocent—weapon used by the Norwegians at this time was their inherent sense of humor. Much of it was directed at the speakers which the Nasjonal Samling sent out to all parts of the country.

At one place the NS speaker found as his only audience two black cats. Outside the hall, however, a large crowd had gathered. These people politely explained to the speaker that the two cats had protested against attending the meeting, but that they had been chased inside so that the speaker would not be entirely alone.

Developments throughout the country took a more critical turn. Fights between the *Hird* and the civilian population became everyday occurrences, and popular sentiment balanced on the brink of open revolt. From Trondheim and Bergen, from the towns along Oslo Fiord, and from inland districts came reports of bloody battles. A detachment of the *Hird* which had arrived in Drammen for the purpose of "cleaning up" was met by an angry populace which literally chased the Quislings out of town. Two of the *Hird* members were killed, and others were given a thorough beating.

SOMEWHERE IN LONDON a crude little rowboat is being preserved. It is guarded as a sacred relic, because eventually it is to be taken back to

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Norway, where it is to have a place of honor in the country's Museum of Shipping. It is in this little boat that two Norwegian boys rowed 450 miles through turbulent seas in order to offer their services to their country.

There was, too, the boy who later was shot down in an air battle over France. With two friends he left Norway in a small boat. A German plane found them and chased them back to shore. They had to abandon the boat and hide in the woods. A week later they got hold of another boat and set out anew. Again they were discovered by a German plane, which sprayed them with machine gun bullets. The helmsman was shot through the head and died instantly. Another got a bullet through a lung and slowly bled to death. The third youth continued the trip, and four days later he arrived in the Shetland Islands. He went on to Canada, where he received his training as a pilot. Then back to England and to active duty with the Royal Norwegian Air Force. He died in France.

The exodus across the North Sea has never been completely halted. On some days hundreds of volunteers have arrived. On others only small boatloads of three or four men have come in. But the Norwegian coast is long and jagged, and the Germans, many as they are, cannot have a man in every little bay or inlet. During the night, people hoist sails and steal away among the isles and skerries. They bring greetings to the external

front from the home front. And they bring other things with them, too—information of all kinds.

*Norwegians: On April 9 we shall commemorate those who fell in the war against the invaders. We shall not do so by open demonstrations, which only bring reprisals in return. But we shall nevertheless do it in a way which will give the Nazis something to think about.*

*During the half-hour between 2:00 and 2:30 o'clock on April 9 we shall pay tribute to our fallen countrymen. Stay indoors during this half-hour. Do not show yourselves on the streets or in public places. Streets, business places, and trains are to remain empty during the half-hour dedicated to our fallen.*

*No one should go outdoors for the mere purpose of seeing how deserted the streets are. You can rest assured they will be quiet. Rather, stand by the windows and look out. Our own people will be in control.*

*During the half-hour the wind might easily cause flowerpots to fall from the ledges and onto the heads of those who show themselves in the streets.*

*Remember our goal and stick together!*

It was only a typewritten message. No one knew where it originated or who had given the order. And no one asked. The message contained an order and it had to be obeyed. A whole year under Nazi domination had taught the Norwegians that the only way to stand up to the occupying power was to stand together.

During the winter months the home front had become firmly welded together with a united and permanent leadership. It had developed like a



vast cell structure, and only those who shaped and directed it had any knowledge of its details. Nobody knew who the leaders were, but their orders nevertheless were followed.

The Norwegian language soon produced three clear distinctions: the "white," the "striped," and the "black." The white were the good, patriotic Norwegians. The black were Quislings. The striped were the fence sitters who did not really know where they belonged.

The winter of 1941 became a fight between the whites and the blacks over the striped. The Quislings coaxed and threatened. The Norwegians only threatened. The Nazi-controlled press hammered away at the hedgers—flattered them, courted them, tempted them with high-sounding and big-paying positions and with a share in the fruits of victory.

There were those who faltered and gave in. They soon found themselves ostracized. Black businessmen and shopkeepers found their trade falling off sharply. Owners of bookshops who displayed the literature of the New Order in their windows discovered that their patrons had disappeared. Newspapers that displayed a too great willingness to run the Nazis errands lost their subscribers and advertisers, and in the end had to close shop.

Lists of the names of all those who were black were circulated in towns and rural districts. These lists were also read over the London radio. Those whose names appeared on the lists were done for—they were permanently excluded from contact or

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companionship with Norwegians.

The Nasjonal Samling never attained a membership any greater than one per cent of the total population, and Quisling has never permitted publication of exact figures.

At the University, when the Nazis threw out the old board examiners in the law school and named a board composed of Quislings, the law students simply refused to appear before the new board. In this the professors backed up the students, and the Nazis had to undo their work. The same thing happened when Quisling's picture was to be hung: the students and professors threatened to go on strike, and the Nazis were again forced to yield.

It was the same way in the schools. Late in the spring a *Hitler-Jugend* exhibition was arranged, and headmasters were ordered to visit it along with all the pupils of their schools. The pupils went on strike, and it was at this time that the Nazis established their "reform school for children who have displayed an attitude hostile to the State."

The home front went into determined action when the Nazis began earnestly to use the movies as a tool of propaganda. A boycott was begun in the middle of January, and the idea spread like wildfire. Within 14 days the receipts at Oslo movie houses, which were owned and operated by the municipality, dropped by about 80 per cent.

During the spring months, strife arose between the Nazi authorities



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and the Norwegian actors. The Nazis, who knew well enough that the people no longer listened to the Oslo radio, had decided to try to lure them into listening by forcing well-known actors to take part in the broadcasts. Strong pressure was exerted on a number of actors to get them to appear, but they refused. The Germans replied by prohibiting a number of the country's foremost actors from again appearing on the stage. But the actors stood firm, and the strike lasted several months. In the end the Nazis had to withdraw their demands. The home front, which had supported the actors in every way—including financial, since the actors were unable to draw on their bank accounts—marked up another victory.

Meanwhile the occupying power had established its own Deutsches Theater, which put on its performances in Oslo's famous National Theater, and which also went on tour to other leading Norwegian cities. When the German actors visited Trondheim, they were greeted with a pleasant surprise. Hours before the performance was to be given the house was completely sold out! But 8 o'clock came and went—8:30 and still not a seat in the theater was occupied. The tension turned into panic when the Germans finally realized that they had once again been tricked. German police were sent out to restaurants, and eventually they succeeded in rounding up about 50 soldiers. With them as an audience the play began.

By now the boycott of everything

bearing the German or Quisling taint was complete. It applied to individuals and to the Nazis as a whole, and it was not limited to ignoring Quislings on the street or to getting up and leaving when German officers or men entered restaurants and other public gathering places. The daily *Fritt Folk* complained that now the Nasjonal Samling members were being persecuted!

"Party members are being deceived at working places!" wailed the news.

"Housewives belonging to the Party are not being waited on in stores. We suggest establishment of private food shops for Party members."

The loyal Norwegian's relation to the Nasjonal Samling was clear. So also was his relation to the occupying power. During the winter months the contact between the home front and the Royal Government in London had been further improved, and a complete news service by way of the London radio had been organized. Even secret or confidential documents intended solely for Nazi eyes reached London almost as soon as they did their intended destinations. *Fritt Folk* raged. The Germans raged. Finally Quisling had to issue an order to the effect that all important documents emerging from the party leadership should be numbered; the recipients were ordered to keep the documents under lock and to be prepared to produce them at any time a checkup was made.

Workers had long since introduced the highly effective slow-down technique into industry. At a shipyard in

Fredrikstad workers succeeded in extending the time "necessary" for building a whaling boat from one month to five. On German fortifications the workers followed a self-imposed rule: "Six hours for the King and two for the Germans."

Open acts of sabotage were another part of the front's program. German cables and wires were cut in such a way that the alarms would fail to sound when British planes approached. Telephone lines were destroyed. Railroad tracks and equipment were constantly being tampered with. The Germans struck back by imposing large fines on communities as a whole.

REINHARD HEYDRICH's reputation had not yet reached Norway. People knew his name and knew also that he was Gestapo Chief Heinrich Himmler's most trusted man, but his earlier accomplishments were hidden in an atmosphere of mysterious hush.

It therefore caused no particular alarm when the man with the narrow, brutal face emerged from a plane at the Fornebu airport near Oslo one day early in September, 1941.

In an office in the Storting building a lean man with close-set eyes and a weak, sadistic mouth assumed command. Reinhard Heydrich, *der Henker*, issued his orders. The Gestapo had assumed control of the administration, and court-martial was introduced.

The entire police organization of the occupying power went into full activity. Like an octopus the Gestapo extended its tentacles to encompass

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the city. Men, half-asleep and half-dressed, were summarily arrested and dragged to the waiting cars, where the soldiers tossed them in like cattle and then crawled in themselves.

Down in Oslo's main prison, where Germans were in charge, cars came and went, with no time to close the heavy gate from the time one car left until another pulled up with a new load.

Within two or three hours the raid was finished. The hurly-burly of police cars disappeared, but the street scene was still dominated by armed German police and German soldiers. Now and then an armored car, bristling with machine guns, sped through the streets, and motionless, helmeted German front-line soldiers were posted at all strategic corners.

During the days that followed, the same ax also fell on organizations and institutions. On September 10, radios in all homes had been tuned to the Oslo station all day, and at 7:19 that evening the listeners received their first word of the court-martial activities. The announcement also contained a notice that the Nazis had assumed control of the Federation and the Employers' Association.

The Gestapo's announcement came as a shock. People had taken the state of civil emergency and the arrests calmly. Such things were not exactly new, but the death sentences placed the events in a new perspective. Earlier death sentences had been imposed only for activities directly interfering

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with the German war effort. Now it was the Gestapo that manipulated the strings.

When Oslo awakened the next day the entire city had changed. An impenetrable silence prevailed in the streets and at workplaces. Sorrow and bitterness marked all faces.

Then America entered the war.

The effect was tremendous. Nearly everyone had almost given up hope that the United States would actively join forces with the fighting democracies. It had taken so long. But now it had happened.

What if the path ahead was long and hard? What if many sufferings and humiliations still remained? Perhaps many countrymen would still have yet to give their lives. Perhaps more towns and cities would have to be reduced to ruins. Nevertheless, the war had now been won—definitely.

Cautiously but systematically people within the same professions once more sought contact with one another. Committees were formed to replace the leaders who were under arrest. New representatives took the places of those in prison. Connections were made, and battle plans were formulated.

To the Germans' amazement it became evident that the organizations which they thought they had subdued were still alive and active. When in December 1941 the Nazi authorities ruled that all the teachers in Norway must devote at least one hour a week to lessons on the New Order, and

that they must all take a pledge of loyalty, they discovered that the wall was still standing. Not only did the teachers from top to bottom refuse to pledge their loyalty, but throughout the country they made their decision known through identically worded statements.

Another manifestation of resistance was the unanimous and well-organized protest of parents who flooded the Nazi Department of Church and Education with thousands of letters.

The teachers took action, and as the days passed the situation became intolerable for the authorities. Statements poured in from teachers from all over the country stating that they would not agree to joining the *Larersamband* (the Nazi-controlled Teachers' Association).

The authorities' threats had no effect. More than 12 thousand joined in the protest. For such an attitude the Nazis knew but one answer: terror. And so they began to make more arrests. Between 1,500 and 2,000 teachers were in prison or in concentration camps within a few weeks.

But even this left the teachers' front undaunted, and when the Church took its stand unconditionally alongside of them something akin to panic rose in the Nazis' own ranks. The closing of the schools followed simultaneously with the Nazis' halting of all salary payments to teachers who refused to join the *Larersamband*, and finally all teachers who failed to join were faced with discharge. The Nazis did their best to create the impression that the teachers had gone on strike—

hoping to set the teachers at odds with the parents. But the Underground newspapers saw to it that the truth was known, and the teachers themselves gave private lessons to pupils in their homes for no compensation.

The first days of April saw about 700 of the arrested teachers taken to Jorstadmoen—an old military training ground near Lillehammer. They arrived there in open cars, most of them, after having been en route for 14 or 15 hours with no food, on the verge of collapse from fatigue. But they were given no chance to rest. The Germans in charge seemed to derive particular delight out of ordering the school teachers to lie flat on their stomachs and then to wallow forward through snow, slush or icy water while keeping their hands on their backs. One group of teachers was kept at this "exercise" for hours on the filthy ground immediately behind the camp latrine.

After a week of this the Gestapo could boast of some results. About 40 or 50 of the teachers broke down. Most of them were ill, and in order to gain freedom and with it a chance to obtain medical attention they agreed to join the Larersamband.

A few days later 150 more of the prisoners were sent back to the Grini concentration camp near Oslo. Most of these were elderly men, and all were in poor health. Not one of these, however, had agreed to join the hated organization.

By April 12, the Germans had obviously given up hope of forcing the teachers to submit. It was then decided

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to send all those who were left—about 500 of them—to work camps in northern Norway.

For the day-long railway trip from Jorstadmoen to Trondheim the teachers were packed in cattle cars so tightly that there was not even room to sit down. Immediately upon their arrival at Trondheim they were marched aboard an old wooden ship named the *Skjerstad* and stowed away in the cargo holds. Conditions aboard were terrible. It was so crowded that the teachers could do little but stand upright. No bedding had been provided. There was, in fact, no place to lie. The food was wretched and insufficient. The hatches were closed, shutting out all light. Nor was there any fresh air. Only one doctor—a Nasjonal Samling member—was permitted aboard. What this Nazi saw terrified even him. At least 100 teachers were seriously ill and it would certainly take 10 doctors to administer any effective help.

Instead, four critically ill teachers were taken ashore and removed to hospitals. Two lost their minds and one was suffering a cerebral hemorrhage, and the other had developed pneumonia. Five more were removed the following day. On April 14 Provincial Governor Prytz, nominally the highest ranking Nazi in Trondheim, sent Quisling a telegram urging medical aid for the teachers.

But the Germans had made up their minds, and it was too late to change them. They said the teachers

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had been given a chance. The voyage from Trondheim started at 3 o'clock on the morning of April 15. On April 18 the *Skjerstad* reached her destination, and the teachers were placed in a German work camp near the Finnish border far up on the Arctic coast.

They are still there, toiling as slaves of the occupying country.

ON FEBRUARY 3, 1942, yet another struggle—that between the Church and the State—entered into its decisive phase. On that day the seven bishops of the Church, meeting in Oslo, sent the Nazi Department of Church and Education a joint protest. The protest went unanswered.

Within the ranks of the Nasjonal Samling the bishops' action created nothing short of a panic—a panic which, among other things, revealed itself in a new outburst of terror against the teachers. The Nazis summoned the Bishop of Oslo to the Royal Palace for a hearing, which lasted an hour and a quarter. It ended with Bishop Berggrav's taking the offensive. He demanded to know why Quisling had falsified the bishops' letters of resignation by compelling the newspapers to print that the bishops had been dismissed.

"We in the Nasjonal Samling see it that way," answered Quisling.

"Then I have nothing to do here!" declared Berggrav.

"You triple traitor! You deserve to have your head chopped off!"

bellowed Quisling in a violent rage.

"Well, here I am," replied Berggrav calmly.

No one sought to stop him as he turned and left the room.

All seven bishops were still in Oslo. They had not been permitted to return to their homes. Instead, they had been ordered to report to police headquarters twice a day.

The bishops obeyed this order, but in a manner somewhat different from that anticipated by the Nazis. Twice daily a procession marched with slow dignity through the streets to the prison. It was the bishops who, in full ecclesiastical attire and with their golden crosses displayed prominently on their breasts, were on their way to present themselves before the holders of worldly power.

The police soon found it necessary to order the bishops to report individually—and at outlying police stations.

But the Nazi authorities had not given up. A few days later the Nasjonal Samling appointed seven new bishops, selected from the 40 or so pastors who had turned traitor.

The Church's reply to this move was not slow in coming. The first Sunday in April, about 1,000 pastors of the Norwegian Church followed the example set by their bishops. Through individual, identically worded letters they notified the Nazi Department of Church and Education that they were resigning from their state offices.

The blow fell. A few days later Bishop Eivind Berggrav was arrested



and placed in the Grini concentration camp near Oslo. Simultaneously two prominent pastors, Ingvald B. Carlsen and H. E. Wisloff, were arrested and sent to Grini. These measures, involving the use of force, served only to defeat their own purpose, and the Nazi authorities made their first retreat when, in response to orders issued by the Germans, Bishop Berggrav was released from Grini. The pastors continued to use the churches, holding divine services as usual. But they refused consistently to accept any sort of salary from the State.

Faced with such a wall of resistance, the Nazis elected to retreat. Their first real effort to effect a reconciliation was made on June 13, when the Department sent to all pastors a long circular letter which opened the subject for general discussion.

But after so much struggle and strife the Church was not disposed to compromise. Long before, the fight had reached the stage where only a complete retreat by the Nazi authorities would be acceptable to the clergy as grounds for opening negotiations. It was obvious to one and all that the Church's fight was no isolated phenomenon, no mere dispute over words or shades of meaning. This struggle centered about ideals which were held sacred by the entire people. In concentrated form it was civilization's final reckoning with barbarism, and ideals were not to be bought or sold for a professorship in theology.

The Church's reply was curt. The compromise offer was flatly rejected.

## ***They Came As Friends***

**L**IKE BOLTS OF LIGHTNING the planes shot down out of the clear blue September skies.

The explosions were deafening. Crash followed crash.

It was all over within a few minutes. The planes soared skywards again. Beams from the descending sun caught the circles under the wings—emblems of the RAF. Not until then did the air-raid sirens begin to howl.

On the speaker's rostrum in the University of Oslo auditorium stood Vidkun Quisling. Swastikas and German eagles adorned the walls, and the audience fairly glistened with monocles and medals.

It was the second anniversary of Quisling's "assumption of power" that was being celebrated. The gagged and standardized Norwegian press had heralded it as an event of historic importance.

Just then came the crash of the first explosion. For a brief, electric moment everything was deathly quiet; then Prime Minister Quisling led the stampede for safety. A few minutes later they were all crammed in the comparative safety of the basement.

Out on the streets of the city a spirit of celebration held sway. Germans and Quislings were as if blown away, and for the first time in many, many months the citizens of Oslo were, for the moment at least, masters in their own town. Thousands of them had rushed to housetops, where they waved and shouted to the fliers. Their cheers soon changed to



## by Tor Myklebost

song, the national anthem and the hymn for the King. The voices were full of hope and courage.

The planes had arrived at precisely the right moment. The British bombs supplied the dot over the "i"—the finishing touch to a successful action that had reached its climax on that very day, September 25, 1942.

They knew that England was stronger, far stronger, today than two years ago. They knew that the United States of America had laid its shoulder to the wheel and that the Americans meant business. They knew that the Russians—who, according to Hitler, had been wiped out again and again—were not only still fighting, but were fighting hard and effectively.

They knew the day was coming.

## Answers to Coffee Quiz on Page 88

- |                        |                    |                        |
|------------------------|--------------------|------------------------|
| 1. Midnight            | 7. Mug of murk     | 13. Joe                |
| 2. Smoke               | 8. Black and white | 14. Tar                |
| 3. Pittsburgh          | 9. Perk            | 15. Bootleg            |
| 4. Blackout            | 10. Belly warmer   | 16. Brazilian cocktail |
| 5. Mud                 | 11. Leg off one    | 17. Jamoka             |
| 6. Flowing Mississippi | 12. Java           | 18. One in the dark    |

### Collect Leather-bound Books of Coronet

While they last, leather-bound books of the first eight issues of Coronet will be available. There are 383 copies of Volume 1, Number 1, (November, 1936), and a few copies of each succeeding issue through June, 1938. These books—bound in white lacquered leather with black leather inlay, tooled in 24-carat gold—are collector's items. And they go to the first bidders at cost—which is \$2.50. Just send this coupon with \$2.50 for each book to

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### **February Round Table Roundup**

It was not surprising to find that parents were the heaviest contributors to the Coronet Round Table on "Should Children Be Shielded from War?"

The majority (91 per cent, to be exact) agreed with Angelo Patri that it's impossible today to insulate any human being, child or adult, against the effects of this war. Everything conspires against it—the radio, the movies and newspapers.

The parent's problem lies then in interpreting the meaning and purpose

of the war to young people; in providing them with a home life as nearly normal as possible; and in encouraging them to participate in the war effort to the best of their abilities and temperaments.

The nine per cent minority, for the most part, urged that children be shielded not so much from the fact of war itself as "hatred of race against race" and any belief that violence or brutality will solve the problems which beset us.

To encourage children to admire military exploits, many agreed, is to court a future generation of militarists.

**WINNERS IN THE CORONET ROUND TABLE FOR FEBRUARY**  
For the best letters on the question "Should Children Be Shielded from War?" first prize of \$25 has been awarded to Marjorie L. Page of Milwaukee, Wisconsin; second prize of \$15 to Sol Blumrosen of Detroit, Michigan; third prize of \$5 to Kathleen Dugdale of Bloomington, Indiana.

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## The Coronet Round Table

### How Far Is "All-Out"?

An opinion by Maurice Hindus, author of *Mother Russia*, and recently returned from an extensive tour of the Soviet Union

ARE WE Americans waging an all-out war? I will supply you with a yardstick—"made in Russia"—and leave the measuring to you.

The eight-hour day? The Russians work 11 or 12 hours a day, often longer. War Bonds? The Russians donate all their savings—billions of rubles in outright gifts to the government to further the war effort.

Drafting fathers? I know a Russian bookkeeper, the father of nine children, who has been in the army for a year, and his case is typical. As for the women—at least 80 per cent of the labor in Russia is supplied by women and children. All Russian boys and girls work on farms after school—ex-



cept those who have been shot or hanged for participating in guerrilla warfare.

Rationing? Virtually every Russian wardrobe consists of the clothing it contained when war broke out; the Russian office worker gets three pounds of meat a month. Taxes? Men of military age (18 to 50) who are not in the army pay an additional 50 to 200 per cent in taxes.

Entertainment? Russia maintains her theatres, orchestras and publications as necessary for morale. But the people will be able to take no vacations till victory.

And now—is America "all-out"? I still leave the answer to you.

#### What Is Your Verdict? Prizes for the Best Letters

Every day's news crackles with disputes over the extent of our war effort. Congressional feeling runs high over such problems as the drafting of manpower, the 40-hour week, and other limits on normal civilian life. Here is your chance to express your views. How far do you think is "all-out" for yourself and family for your own country? For the best letter on the subject, Coronet will pay \$25. For second best \$15. Third best \$5. Letters must not exceed 200 words and will be judged solely on clarity of expression, logical reasoning and originality of thought. Mail entries no later than May 25th to Coronet Round Table, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Manuscripts, photographs and other materials submitted for publication should be addressed to CORONET, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, and must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase. No responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage of unsolicited materials submitted. Subscribers' notices of change of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.



Eric Mikhliant (p. 107)



Gordon W. Allport (p. 108)



John Gouther (p. 111)



Arthur H. Steinhaus (p. 112)

### Notable These Copies

— — — This of "David" a well known author, the Mikhliant, was shown a number of times at the time of his first trip to the United States. — — — Gordon W. Allport was one of the founders of the Humanistic movement and he has written a book of "Humanistic Psychology" at Harvard which has a number of chapters on the subject of "The Self" and "The Social Self". — — — John Gouther, the author of "The European and the American" and "The American and the European" is a well known author and has written a number of books on the subject of "The American and the European" and "The European and the American". — — — Arthur H. Steinhaus is an author and has written a number of books on the subject of "The American and the European" and "The European and the American".



